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From left to right, above,
Elder Boyd K. Packer
of the Council of the Twelve
and Elder Joseph Anderson,
Assistant to the Twelve.
Below, Elder David B.
Haight and Elder William
H. Bennett, Assistants to
the Council of the Twelve.



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SOUTHWEST

Snowflake, Ariz., June 4, 5, 6
Albuquerque, N.M., June 8, 9
El Paso, Texas, June 11, 12, 13
Tucson, Ariz., June 15, 16, 17

EASTERN

Washington, D.C., June 4, 5, 6
Pittsburgh, Pa., June 6, 9
Chicago, Ill., June 11, 12, 13
Boston, Mass., June 15, 17
Cleveland, Ohio, June 18, 19, 20

WESTERN CANADIAN

Calgary, June 4, 5, 6
Edmonton, June 8, 9, 10
Lethbridge, June 13, 15, 16

NEVADA-ZARONA

Las Vegas, Nev., June 6, 8, 9
McCarthey, Idaho, June 12, 13
Spokane, Ariz., June 15, 16, 17
Phoenix, Ariz., June 16, 19, 20

PACIFIC NORTHWEST

Vancouver, B.C., July 6, 7, 8
Seattle, Wash., July 9, 10, 11
Seattle No., Wash., July 13, 14, 15
Tacoma, Wash., July 16, 17, 18

SOUTHERN

Hopewell, Alabama, July 6, 7
Atlanta, Georgia, July 9, 10, 11
Columbia, So. Car., July 13, 14, 15

WESTERN

Denver, Colo., Aug. 3, 4, 5
San Antonio, Texas, Aug. 7, 8

Houston, Texas, Aug. 10, 11, 12
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Ontario-Weiser, July 10, 11

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Burley, July 16, 17, 18

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Oakland, June 9, 10, 11
San Jose, July 13, 14, 15
Palo Alto, July 16, 17, 18

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

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On the Cover:

The 140th anniversary of the Church on April 6 was marked in part by the calling of the four brethren featured on the cover to new assignments among the General Authorities. Photographs are by Beal's Photography, Salt Lake City. Full coverage of the April general conference, the solemn assembly proceedings at which President Joseph Fielding Smith was installed as tenth President of the Church, the addresses by General Authorities who spoke, and the statistical reports about the Church will appear in the June issue.



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Joseph Fielding Smith, Richard L. Evans, Editors; Doyle L. Green, Managing Editor; Jay M. Todd, Assistant Managing Editor; Eleanor Knowles, Copy Editor; Mabel Jones Gabbott, Manuscript Editor; Albert L. Zobell, Jr., Research Editor; William T. Sykes, Editorial Associate; G. Homer Durham, Hugh Nibley, Albert L. Payne, Truman G. Madsen, Elliott Landau, Leonard Arrington, Contributing Editors; Marion D. Hanks, Era of Youth Advisor; Elaine Cannon, Era of Youth Associate Editor; Ralph Reynolds, Art Director; Norman Price, Staff Artist.

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The One Fundamental Teaching

By President Joseph Fielding Smith

• God is at the helm of his church. I rejoice, as I know you rejoice, in that great fundamental truth. The Church is not the work of man. It was not instituted by man. It was established by the Lord and Savior of this world. I bear testimony that Joseph Smith was called and appointed in the very manner to which he bore testimony; that he was called to usher in the dispensation in which we live, to establish the gospel in its fullness, to restore the priesthood, which is power from our Father in heaven and by which we are able to officiate in all the ordinances of the gospel for the salvation of the souls of men.

I am firmly convinced of these truths. The Lord has not left us to wander; he has not left us alone in the world to grope in darkness. His church is guided by the spirit of revelation, and the inspiration of the Lord rests upon those who stand at the head.

As I study the principles of the gospel, my heart is made glad in reflecting on the great truth that this work is based upon fundamental principles that do not change. They must not—they cannot—change, for they are eternal. We believe in progression; but we

cannot substitute the ideas of men for that which the Lord has given, or the plan that he has adopted and revealed to us, by which we may be saved.

While men may formulate plans, adopt theories, introduce strange works, and gather and teach many peculiar doctrines, one teaching is fundamental, and from it we cannot depart: *all things are concentrated in and around the Lord Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world.* We accept him as the Only Begotten of the Father in the flesh, the only one who has dwelt in the flesh who had a Father who was immortal. Because of his birthright and the conditions surrounding his coming to the earth, he became the Redeemer of men; and through the shedding of his blood we are privileged to return into the presence of our Father, on conditions of our repentance and acceptance of the great plan of redemption of which he is the author.

These thoughts cause me to reflect somewhat upon the organization of the Church as well—how the Lord has established all things in order and has given us a perfect system. Men cannot improve upon it. If we would carry out that which the Lord has revealed, as

he has revealed it, then all things would be perfect, for the organization is a perfect organization; the theory of it—the plan of it—is without flaw.

It was not all given at once—it is still being revealed as we need it—and therein is made manifest the truth of the statement of the Prophet Joseph Smith, that he was taught of God.

Thus the Lord prepared the plan and revealed it to us that we might walk in a knowledge of the truth, in righteousness, and in humility. If we follow it as perfectly as the Lord intends that we should, there will be no iniquity in the Church; there will be no faultfinding; there will be no jealousy; there will be no envying, no strife, no bitterness in the hearts of members of this church. All of those things will cease, and we will stand with one united front and with one desire in our hearts to serve the Lord and keep his commandments.

The Lord is with the Church. He is guiding us. His spirit is resting upon this people. What he requires of us is that we serve him in humility and with a oneness of heart and soul.



New General Authorities Called

Boyd K. Packer Of the Council of the Twelve

By Jay M. Todd

Assistant Managing Editor

- The name of Elder Boyd K. Packer is not new to members of the Church. He has been a General Authority for nine years and is now only 45 years of age. Saints in many parts of the globe have heard his counsel, given in easy and candid delivery that is both quiet and compelling, and likely punctuated by his keen sense of humor.

After visiting him, one remembers an irrepressible smile and pleasant demeanor. As a man among men, he has known for more years than his age belies what it means to have wisdom and to be sought after for its expression.

But it is as one newly sustained as a prophet, seer, and revelator—as are all members of the Council of the Twelve—that Elder Boyd Packer begins to fill a singular niche, one unique and peculiar to himself.

The outlines of his life can quickly be noted: a Brigham City, Utah, youth; World War II bomber pilot in the Pacific theatre; marriage to Donna Smith in the Logan Temple; college degree in education; Church Indian Affairs coordinator at the Intermountain Indian School in Brigham City; while in his 20's simultaneously serving six years as a high councilor and four years as a member of a city council, and being awarded a civic distinguished service award; assistant administrator of Church seminaries and institutes (named while still in his 20's); and his call in 1961 (after having just turned 37) as an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve.

But the man, his mission, and what he stands for cannot be so quickly profiled. These things are found in his own words (italicized) and in the words of those who know him best:

"A number of years ago I chose several basic objectives in life—things that I wanted to be and do. First, I wanted to be a good father. This was not to be limited by occupational choice or setting. I felt that being a good father would be a permanent anchor for my orientation, and that livelihood, hobbies, even social opportunities had to be weighed against whether or not they related to that ideal. I soon learned that the perfect plan for fatherhood was the gospel. When I want to know how to be a good father, I go to church, consult the scriptures, and listen to the authorities. This has been my storehouse of knowledge. Home is the center of the gospel—and of my life. Of all the places in the world—and I've seen some interesting and enticing ones—I'd rather be home than anywhere else."

Elder Packer and his wife ("who I've been willing to modestly admit is perfect") are parents of ten children—seven boys and three girls. Their small farm, secluded in southern Salt Lake Valley, is indeed a retreat and haven. "Home to him," says a friend, "is where he has horses, cows, chickens, ducks, birds, and dogs. It's a place where he and his wife have created a special environment to constantly stimulate their children, provide them with chores, duties; a place where he and Donna can foster opportunities for teaching about life and God."

"I think in some ways it is easier to raise a large family. It depends upon what you want to accomplish. If you want to provide material benefits, obviously the fewer children you have, the more you can provide for each one. But if you are trying to teach unselfishness, responsibility, cooperation, regard

for one another—these things can happen in a well-ordered family only if there are sufficient persons there in the first place. We've learned that extra material benefits per child are offset when children learn thrift, to make do, to make and build something. I felt that way when growing up, and I thought my children deserved that kind of environment.

The tenth child of 11 children born to Ira W. and Emma Jensen Packer (he was born September 10, 1924), Elder Packer knows whereof he speaks when he discusses large families: "It's a little hard to explain my coming to a position like this, except out of a family such as I came from. I used to think we were poor—but we weren't; we just didn't have any money. But we were rich in number, in a father and mother who were interested in and set their whole lives on raising a good family. It's true when I say that all I know in life that is important to talk about is what I've learned from my family—parents, brothers, and sisters—and my own family, where I get an even greater schooling."

"His mother," says an acquaintance, "used to let him pile up the 13 chairs from around the big kitchen table so he could make a kind of jungle bar and weave his way through. It was one of his chief joys as a child. A lot of mothers wouldn't allow that—it's too much bother, and anyway, that's not what chairs are for—or is it?"

"I'll tell you something about that Packer family," says an associate. "I've not seen a family quite so united. It's a family environment that has tempered him, set his goals, qualified him. You have to understand all this to understand him, to know that nothing in the world is more important to him than his family. In his home they have some very unusual family activities and practices that reflect his strong personal philosophy about family life, the privacy and sacredness of which he guards closely."

"The second goal that I had was that I wanted to be good. Most people would be ashamed to say that. I'm not. I just wanted to be good—good for something. Mostly I wanted to be a good son, to both my earthly father and my Heavenly Father. I have never thought that I deserved to have good children unless I could be one myself. I've had an idea that we contribute to the glory of our Father in heaven when we add in our own person one more worthy individual. I've felt that I wasn't worthy to get what I wasn't willing to give."

"Everything in his life," comments a friend, "revolves around his goals. In the use of these goals he has the ability to see relationships, the rare gift of perception to see things in perspective. In this sense, I think

that the Lord has called a seer to the apostleship."

Even his personal interests indicate the nature of his soul: "You don't really get to know him until you've walked through a forest with him," says his longtime intimate, President A. Theodore Tuttle of the First Council of the Seventy. "Boyd loves nature, loves the mountains, animals, and especially birds. He's a great bird watcher. When he hears or sees a bird, he can identify it. He knows birds, their names and habits, and loves to paint and sculpt them. And he's very good at it. He could have been a fine naturalist—maybe even a good painter of nature. On the wall of one of the homes he lived in, he painted every kind of bird that was common to that area. It was beautiful, and the birds were beautifully painted. He has a great reverence for life—trees, plants, animals, and especially birds."

"One thing you can say about him," notes another acquaintance, "is that he beautifies things. He spruces things up—paints, scrubs, hammers, plants, plows—by himself and with his family. He makes everything about him seem pleasant and beautiful in a special, creative way."

"When he was a seminary administrator," says a friend, "one of the older teachers, an astute observer of men, once commented, 'That man has one of the keenest minds I have ever known. By that I mean he can make sense out of something and put things in their true order.'" Another associate notes, "I've never seen him do or say anything without a philosophy behind it. I once asked him, 'Where does all your wisdom come from?'"

The question might make him uneasy, but not the answer, a secret that Elder Packer deeply believes all members of the Church need to discover for themselves: "It seems to me that there is a great power in the Church—in all of us—that is untapped because we are always setting about to do things in our way, when the Lord's way would accomplish much greater returns. And then, when we don't know what to do or think, or what would be the Lord's way or will, we don't ask. Why don't we talk to our Father? In specifics? About real problems? As often as we would with our earthly father if he were nearby?"

"He is a man given to prayer, a lot of it," says a co-worker. "He prays about things. He's learned to listen to the Lord."

"Sometimes when we don't know what to do," observes another co-worker, "he will say, 'Let's get away from here, go to another room.' And then we kneel down and just talk to the Lord about the matter. It's been a revelation to learn about prayer, that it works in all aspects of life."



Front row: Elder Packer, Sister Donna Packer, Eldon, Spencer, Lawrence; back row: Laurel, Russell, David, Allan, Gayle and Kathleen. Kenneth (above) is on a mission.



The supervision of individuals involves administrative and leadership abilities. In this, Elder Packer has long stood out: "He's a natural leader, having the personal bearing, joined with a fixed, resolute purpose that exudes confidence," says an associate. "He treats a man as he ought to be treated," says a subordinate. "When he delegates authority, he gives it. You soon learn that when you speak, you're speaking for him also. This makes you want to be your best, be more creative, more responsible, to be everything you yourself want to be."

It was during his years as a seminary administrator that an incident of lasting personal meaning occurred. Both he and Elder Tuttle were assistant administrators over seminaries and institutes of religion. The challenge of leadership pressed heavily on the two young men, both conscious of their lack of long administrative and collegiate teaching experience. They set aside a day in which they reviewed, examined, discussed, and prayed about their responsibilities in directing beloved co-workers. "At the end of the day, after all that thinking, talking, and praying, we came up with three little words that we felt were the answer to our problems and assignments. Those words were simply, 'Follow the brethren.'" It is fitting that they who set about to teach such a course are now in the position to be followed.

As for his own assignments, Elder Packer carries a responsible load. At the time he was called to the Council of the Twelve, he was serving as supervisor of the Franco-Belgian, Netherlands, French, French East, and South African missions. He was also managing director of the great priesthood home teaching pro-

gram, as well as of the family home evening program, and was managing director of the Church's Military Relations Committee. He is a member of the Church Board of Education and serves on the board of trustees of Brigham Young University. Only two years ago he returned from Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he had presided over the New England States Mission for three years.

He has also been blessed with the gift of teaching, in which activity he always seems to be functioning. "I don't know of a better teacher," says an academic acquaintance. "Certainly, the youth of the Church have a great friend in him. He understands them and knows how to make a principle real in their lives. I remember when he was a seminary teacher. He wanted to teach the concept of loving your neighbor, so he told his students, 'To do this, you first have to make a friend. In order to do that, I want you to walk to school with a person you normally haven't walked with—just to communicate and to learn how to get acquainted, so you can love people better.'"

When he speaks to students—even college students struggling to get their degrees and to ferret out truth—Dr. Packer knows whereof he speaks. He has acquired the credentials of the academic world—B.S. and M.S. from Utah State University and Ph.D. from Brigham Young University. On education he has definite opinions: *"The academic world can be a pretty dangerous world because it is made up of the philosophies of men. And a lot of people—some of our people—go through and take a leave of church activities in their schooling; they end up as academic giants but spiritual and moral pygmies. That imbalance can be tragic."*

They can articulate and gain high positions and yet have home and family lives that are such disappointments that all their learning and little faith bring them nothing but sorrow. But we should remember that people don't get in serious trouble in one step. I don't think anyone steps off a precipice into the depths of immorality and apostasy. They slide down the slippery sides of the chasm. When they hit bottom, it's interesting that usually they want to take one step out. There's not one step out any more than there was one step in. It's a long, hard climb. Mostly they have to crawl to get out—on their knees. The best way out

is to get into the organized activity pattern of the Church, to stay in it and resist the temptation to be drawn out of it. When people get out of this pattern, penalties come. They find themselves unhappy—and no one wants to be unhappy."

Such are the thoughts of Elder Boyd K. Packer and of those who know him well. This is in part a profile of the man recently called to fill the vacancy in the Council of the Twelve. Aptly says a General Authority associate: "The Church will realize soon enough that the Lord was right in the calling—that the Lord doesn't make mistakes." ○

Joseph Anderson

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

By Albert L. Zobell, Jr.

Research Editor

• Joseph Anderson was born at Salt Lake City November 20, 1889, a son of George and Isabella Watson Anderson, Scottish emigrants. His father was a railroad man. In the Roy (Utah) Ward, as a child, Joseph was sustained as secretary of the Primary. This was the first of many positions he has held as a secretary, a position of confidence and important detail to which he has given great dignity and effectiveness.

He was graduated from the Weber Academy in Ogden, Utah, in 1905, when David O. McKay was the school's principal. He was called to the Swiss-German Mission in October 1911. Several years ago he recalled the long train ride to Montreal and then the voyage to Europe, noting that a grandson, then in Scotland, was settled and happy in mission routine and well on his way to his first convert in less time than it had

taken him to arrive in his field of labor. He served as conference president and secretary of the Swiss-German Mission beginning in June 1912, and completed that mission in May 1914.

When he made inquiry about serving as President Grant's secretary in 1921, he was invited to sit in the Tabernacle congregation of the MIA June Conference to take the President's message. He did, turned in his report, and waited. Nothing happened. Later he was notified that President Grant was to speak on his sixty-fifth birthday, November 22, 1921, to Latter-day Saint students in the Assembly Hall, and that he would like him to come and take down his talk.

In the address President Grant "gave me a drilling that just about floored me. I said, 'He talks like a streak of lightning.' When I turned in his address,



Front row, left to right: Jean A. Anderson; Ann Card, Elaine Anderson Card, Michael (on floor) and Lane Card; Elder Joseph and Sister Norma Anderson; Scott (baby), Judy and V. Robert Peterson; back row, left to right: Barbara, Shari, Joseph, and Joseph Robert Anderson; William Card; Bette Anderson Peterson; David, Kimberly (baby), and Kathy Wright. Insert: William, Tracy, and Patricia Hoff.

my work surprised President Grant, who was testing me on purpose. I became his secretary on February 1, 1922, and was with him for 23 years, until he passed away. No two men could have been closer than he and I were. We traveled all over together. We were almost like father and son."

He became one of two official conference reporters on April 6, 1922, and clerk of the general conference of the Church six years later. He has written untold thousands of pages of notes at the official meetings of the Church and his other assignments.

During most of the time that he served as President Grant's secretary, he was also secretary to the First Presidency, and after President Grant's death in 1945, he continued to serve as secretary to the First Presidency. For many years his duties have included, among many other things, being in attendance at and taking minutes of meetings of the First Presidency and the weekly meetings of the Presidency and the Council of the Twelve in the Salt Lake Temple.

"President George Albert Smith was a man of great love," he recalls. "I went to Washington, D.C., with him at the end of World War II. We called on President Harry S Truman and cabinet members, as well as embassy officials stationed there. The Church desired to send welfare supplies to our members in Europe. President Truman said, 'When can you do it?' President Smith replied, 'We can do it immediately. We are ready to go. We only need the ships to send the supplies.' He made a friend of President Truman, and the way was opened for this to be accomplished without delay.

"I had a very close acquaintance with President McKay beginning while I was a student at Weber Academy. I've never had a teacher anywhere near the equal of President McKay. He was a man of great personality and vision, one who was greatly admired. Truly, he was a prophet of God.

"I've always loved and admired President Joseph Fielding Smith for his knowledge of the gospel and the scriptures and his devotion to the Lord's cause. He is a tender-hearted, lovable man who has felt an obligation to preach repentance to the people: the Lord has said, 'Say nothing but repentance unto this generation.' He has felt that was his responsibility. He is truly the Lord's chosen prophet for this particular time."

In speaking at Brigham Young University last July, Elder Anderson said: "The men who have presided over this Church from the beginning have been men raised up by the Lord for the particular time during which they served, men prepared and qualified for the service they were to render and for the leadership they were to give. These men are not mediocre men; they are giants of the Lord, chosen and ordained before they came here to perform the work they have done and will do. Each is different from the others, but all are men of inspiration, of revelation, of devotion, and of faith—prophets of the living God."

He enjoys as his leisure-time activities walking and swimming (and we might add, more Church work—he has been a member of the Bonneville Stake high council for 25 years). He often will walk to a meeting or to work, and frequently refuses invitation

of kind friends who wish to give him a ride. He swims—30 to 36 lengths of the Deseret Gymnasium pool—several times a week. It is his philosophy that exercise is important—exercise of the muscles, exercise of the mind, and exercise of the spirit. He is convinced that without exercise, one becomes flabby physically, mentally, and spiritually.

Elder Anderson has developed a wide range of interests. He has been secretary-treasurer of Deseret Book Company since its incorporation in 1932. He was formerly vice-president of Gunnison Sugar Company, secretary of the Saltair Beach Company, and a director of a small railroad company. For many years he has been a contributor to the yearbooks of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and *Encyclopedia Americana*, and was also a contributor to the *American People's Encyclopedia*. He is listed in *Who's Who in America* and *Who's Who in Industry*.

Elder Anderson married Norma Peterson November 11, 1915, in the Salt Lake Temple. She served on the YWMIA general board from 1942 to 1961. The family has been blessed with two daughters and a son, all of Salt Lake City: Mrs. Bette Peterson, J. Robert Anderson, and Mrs. William C. (Elaine) Card.

Sister Anderson says of him: "Perhaps a wife knows her husband better than anyone else knows him, and I must say I am a bit prejudiced about him. He is a man completely without guile. He has never said an unkind word about anyone. He is always considerate of others, and unselfish. His outstanding characteristics are his great faith and love of the gospel, selflessness, patience, generosity, and understanding. He is

generous to a fault. There is no generation gap between him and the young. Young people come to him with their problems. He always has time to talk with them. We are happy that our home is a gathering place for young people. Our children, grandchildren, and their friends come, and we have wonderful gospel discussions as well as discussions of personal problems and world affairs. They have great respect for his advice and counsel. As the children have grown older, they feel even closer to their father, and he has grown younger with them. We are grateful for our family relationship and the fun we have together."

As Brother Anderson was called to be an Assistant to the Twelve, President Harold B. Lee of the First Presidency noted: "He brings into the General Authorities' circle a background of knowledge and experience seldom equalled and probably never surpassed.

"A man in Joseph Anderson's position as secretary to the First Presidency has to be one in whom there is placed implicit trust. A betrayal of that trust would be disastrous and could cause confusion, embarrassment, and undoubtedly criticism were he to exploit the opportunities he has been given as a privileged confidant in matters vital to the Church. Joseph has never betrayed this trust."

President Lee summarized Elder Anderson's call as "an evidence that not only are his labors appreciated by the brethren but also as evidence that the Lord has had a watchful eye and has now inspired Joseph Anderson's call to extend all his abilities that the Church also might have the benefit therefrom." ○

On the Trail West

By Enola Chamberlin

*Into the dark,
The strange and alien dark,
The trusting horses pressed.
The wagon lurched behind them.
Iron-shod wheels dragged in the
sand,
Or slipped on rocks.
Afar
A coyote wailed at stars.
From some new plant there
came,
Borne on a slight breeze,
A scent like myrrh,
The incense of the cooling desert
night.*

*So calm it was, so peaceful,
Yet
A night to try the souls of men,
A hostile night.
Expected springs were dry.
Thirst was a rusty chain around
the throat,
Distance, a rope slowly uncoiling.*

*And then a wind,
A keening, tortured wind,
The black sky holding in its arms
A blacker cloud,
A broken lance of flame,
The crunch as of a thousand
trees
Shattering as one,
And down to earth
The hurried, angry rain.
A canvas spread to catch it in its
fall;
Man and beast drank deep.
The distance and the night
Became rich things to feed
The souls of men.*

David B. Haight

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

By Mabel Jones Gabbott

Manuscript Editor

• "One of our challenges in society," says Elder David B. Haight, "is learning to get along with people—to understand their needs, their wants, and their aspirations."

To this newly appointed Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, working with people is not only a challenge but a joy.

"I enjoy people," Brother Haight said. "I enjoy being with them and working with them. Most of my life has been spent in working with people—in my business career, in the navy, in my involvement in civic activities, and in the Church."

Elder Haight was born in Oakley, Idaho, on September 2, 1906, a son of Hector Caleb Haight and Clara Josephine Tuttle. He was married in 1930 to Ruby Olson of Fairview, Utah. They have three children—two sons and a daughter—and 13 grandchildren.

His father died when David was very young, and he has great respect for his widowed mother. Her teachings and her example have been a steady influence all his life.

The need he has felt of a father's guidance in his life has helped Elder Haight to form close ties with his own sons and to build richness in all family relationships. Family members recall sharing home evenings of singing with their father, vacations fishing together on Utah streams, and an unforgettable pack trip in California when even the youngest, at age eight, walked 38 miles into the high Sierras. To celebrate Elder Haight's fiftieth birthday, the family spent two weeks together in the Hawaiian Islands.

"We have always been a close family," said Elder Haight. Sister Haight, the three children, and some of the grandchildren were in the Tabernacle Monday morning to sustain him in his new position in the Church.

Elder Haight's contribution to the Church has been varied and interesting. He was a member of a bishopric and a high councilor in Palo Alto, California, and was serving as stake president of the Palo Alto Stake when he was called to be president of the Scottish Mission. He has also served as a Regional Representa-

tive of the Council of the Twelve, an assignment that, he says, "I thoroughly enjoyed. It was good to meet with the stake presidents, their counselors, and the bishops, and help them see the magnitude of the gospel plan. I thoroughly enjoyed my assignment, working with these brethren, attempting to communicate with them and to understand their needs and problems. In this matter of communication, we try to move what is in our mind over into the other person's mind—and," he added, "that is part of our involvement with people."

Active involvement with people dates from Elder Haight's college days at Logan, Utah, where he was athletic manager for Utah State Agricultural College (now Utah State University). After graduation, he went into retailing. Although there was a great depression, he moved steadily forward in that business. He was associated with Keith O'Brien, ZCMI, and then Montgomery Ward and Company; for the latter company he was district manager in California and later manager of all stores in the midwest states.

Brother Haight's adherence to his mother's teachings and his example in living the principles of his religion played an important part in his business promotion. When the president of Montgomery Ward called him to his office to tell him of his promotion, Elder Haight said, "I don't know if you want me to be the manager of that region. I don't know if you know that I came from a little Mormon town in Idaho, and my standards are different from those of many people in this organization. My approach would be different from what has been done in the past."

"I know," said the president. "That's why I am asking for you."

In 1951 Brother Haight purchased the Palo Alto Hardware Company and is at present the president of its two stores.

Elder Haight has been reminded often in his life of the promise in his patriarchal blessing that he will make friends for the Church outside the Church. He said he learned the hard way to "stand up and let people know who you are and what your standards



Top left: Sister Ruby Haight and Elder Haight; top right: David and Angela Bowen Haight and their five children; bottom left: Jon and Karen Haight Huntsman and their six children; bottom right: Robert and Dorothy Hurst Haight and their two children.

are. If you do this, they will respect you for it."

"Build into your life an area of service," he has said, "and when you marry, have an understanding as husband and wife that a big piece of your life is going to be devoted to service to the Lord and to your fellowmen. Build service into your thinking and your aims and desires, and then organize your time right. It will work if you want it to."

Elder Haight talked of his reluctance to run for city council in Palo Alto. He was president of the stake and involved with the Boy Scouts, the Red Cross, and other civic activities. But he was aware of how rapidly the Church was growing in that area and what an opportunity from the Church standpoint this public service would be. So he accepted, and he later served as mayor for two terms. "I am glad I served," he recalls, "because of the good it did for the Church." Other civic affiliations have included activity in the Palo Alto Chamber of Commerce, Rotary Club, Stanford-Palo Alto Hospital, and Channing House Retirement Center.

With his love of people, his involvement in Church and civic activity, and his desire to give service, David Haight brings to his new position great business ability, organizational power, and wide background experience in management.

At the time of his call to be an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, he was serving on the endowment

fund committee of Brigham Young University.

Remembering the philosophy of Edmund Burke—that all that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing—Elder Haight said, "If good men are only going to worry about their own personal affairs and are not going to move out into the area of doing something of influence, then evil will carry on. If we can drop a little of the salt around, then this we need to do."

Elder Haight's ideal of service extended to his country in its time of need. During World War II, as a commander in the U.S. Navy, he and 40 other reserve officers worked out a pattern for the flow of requests for supplies. He appeared before the vice-chief of naval operations and presented a logistic pattern of how the flow of materiel to support the fleet in the Pacific could be streamlined. His plan was accepted and put into effect. A navy historian later quoted Admiral Chester Nimitz as saying that the secret weapon in the Pacific campaign was the flow of materiel into that area. Elder Haight received a special citation from Admiral Nimitz for this service to his country.

"This matter of service," said Brother Haight, "is demonstrated so well all over the Church. It is a joy and a blessing to be associated with the Church. As a family, and personally, we have received great blessings as a result of our Church responsibilities." ○

William H. Bennett

Assistant to the Council of the Twelve

By William T. Sykes

Editorial Associate

• The sentence, "I have learned that sometimes you learn life's lessons more effectively in defeat than in victory," has deep meaning for William Hunter Bennett, whose string of victories stretches far along the path he has traveled. The word defeat seems strangely out of place in company with this six-foot-one man, whose determination to seek learning in the field of higher education carried him from a farm in Alberta, Canada, to a place of honor among the scholars of America. His appointment as director of Extension Services at Utah State University in July 1962 climaxed a series of responsible positions held during long years of service in the fields of agriculture and extension education. And when, in December 1969, he received the Honorary Award Certificate of the National Register of Prominent Americans and was listed in the 1970 *Register*, the recognition came to one who had proved by his works that while life's lessons may be more effectively learned in defeat than in victory, yet victory is achieved by strength of will and hard work.

One of the hard lessons learned in defeat came when, at the age of 15, he dropped out of school. A series of dry years and poor crops, and consequent economic pressures, made it necessary to miss a great deal of school, and because he was behind, he became discouraged and quit. Two years later he was motivated to action by some inspirational statements by Hugh B. Brown, then president of the Lethbridge Stake, and by his uncle, Archibald F. Bennett, who later became secretary of the Genealogical Society. He recalls, "I headed out for the sugar beet field at the end of a hoe handle, and took a look at my future. I made up my mind that I was going to go back to school and was going to demonstrate—to myself, first of all, and then to my parents and brothers and sisters and friends—that I could succeed."

"Up to that time geography had been my favorite subject, followed by history. But after I applied myself in all seriousness, I found that with a more positive attitude I could master the tough problems as well as the easy ones. I developed a great love for

every branch of learning and could see value and real purpose in all subjects."

William H. Bennett was born at Taber, Alberta, Canada, on November 5, 1910, a son of William and Mary Walker Bennett. He claims an Indian background. The records show that he is "11 generations removed from Pocahontas. She was my ninth great-grandmother. My connection is through her and John Rolfe."

Elder Bennett joined the USU faculty in 1937 as an extension field agent. In World War II he served as an enlisted man for six months, then attended the Infantry School at Ft. Benning, Georgia, where he received a commission as a second lieutenant. Twenty-seven months service in the Pacific theatre followed. He was discharged as a captain in 1946. He then returned to USU and served as extension agronomy specialist for one year, after which he did teaching and research in the Agronomy Department for nine years. He became assistant director of Extension Services, 1956-58; acting dean of the School of Agriculture, 1958-60; dean of agriculture, 1960-62; then director of Extension Services. He holds B.S. and M.S. degrees from USU and the Ph.D. from the University of Wisconsin.

Despite the pressures of his academic pursuits, Elder Bennett has always found time to serve in the Church. He has been active in MIA, Sunday School, and priesthood functions, and was for many years a member of the East Cache Stake presidency. He also served on the Church's Priesthood Missionary and Welfare committees. At the time of his call to be an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve, he was a Regional Representative, supervising the Logan and Cache regions.

Elder Bennett married Patricia June Christensen April 12, 1950, in the Logan Temple. They have six children: Camille Kay, 17; William Bradford, 16; Mary Ann, 14; Julee, 11; Deborah, 9; and Jacqueline, 6. So deep has been Elder Bennett's love for Canada that Sister Bennett says, "Our children are



Front row: Jacqueline, Elder Bennett, Camille Kay, Julee, Deborah; back row: William Bradford, Mary Ann, and Sister Patricia Bennett.

convinced there are only two places in the world—Logan and Canada."

Elder Bennett has a sincere concern for the problems of all persons, young or old.

As an educator and religious leader, he has taken time to listen to youth and to help them with their academic and personal problems. He constantly reminds his children of the value of having high standards. Of the young people of today, he says: "Although many of them seem somewhat confused, and they have more difficult and complex situations to cope with than did the youth of yesterday, I think it's the finest generation we have ever had."

Of those who are older, he observes: "Most of us, as we journey through life, sample just a little of what life has to offer. Our approaches and points of interest should change with the advance of years, for as a person grows older his experience base broadens and becomes more inclusive. So I think one of the things that can be very satisfying to older people is meditation.

"I believe that older people should write their life histories. Many faith-promoting experiences can be recorded, and things can be said that would be help-

ful to younger people. We've done some work in our extension services in the area of gerontology—the study of the aging process and conditions. I firmly believe that older people must have activities, the opportunity to feel that they are doing useful things. They need to be busy and active. They won't be happy unless they are."

Elder Bennett impresses his associates with his integrity and strength in maintaining gospel ideals. An associate has said: "William Bennett is solidly converted to the Church—he doesn't represent something he isn't. In all areas of his life, he is never afraid to stand up for his beliefs, even against great opposition."

Elder Bennett's voice takes on a tone of humility and deep sincerity when he speaks of his new calling and new association with the members of the Council of the Twelve. "I have tremendous respect, love, and admiration for the brethren. It's a real joy and privilege to be associated with them in this work—a very humbling experience to be called to this position."

In William H. Bennett are centered humility that has come through defeat and personal sacrifice and strength gained from determination and hard work to achieve the goals he set for himself in his youth. ○

Book of Mormon Perspectives on

By Dr. John W. Bennion

pr

• Many members of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints enjoy a standard of living that is unprecedented in the history of mankind. Never have so many had access to such abundant material possessions and comforts. Even those who are relatively poor by modern standards would seem rich and prosperous by the standards of former generations.

History teaches us that temporal conditions can and sometimes do change rapidly. No one knows how long this period of general pros-

perity may last. However, we are subject to some of the same temptations that confronted former generations who lived during times of material prosperity. The Book of Mormon is a rich source of information about the potential divisive influence of prosperity on human life. The experience of the Nephites and Lamanites should give us pause in counting our material blessings. Indeed, the very word blessing should be used cautiously, because unless people are alert to the dangers, prosperity

can become a curse and lead to moral and spiritual decay. This is one of the great lessons of the Book of Mormon.

All other things being equal, material abundance can enhance life. Moreover, it is possible to be both prosperous and righteous, but the corrupting potential of affluence is great enough to warrant our careful attention. An analysis of the experiences that the Nephites had with prosperity reveals several temptations to which they often succumbed that are present in our own day.

Prosperity sometimes causes people to be vain and self-righteous.

Dr. John W. Bennion, first counselor in the Rochester (New York) Ward, is superintendent of the Brighton Central Schools in Rochester; he formerly taught at the School of Education, Indiana University.

Prosperity



People are tempted to become proud of their riches and of themselves because of their possessions. This tendency was noted among the Nephites a few years before the birth of Christ.

"And it came to pass that the fifty and second year ended in peace also, save it were the exceeding great pride which had gotten into the hearts of the people; and it was because of their exceeding great riches and their prosperity in the land; and it did grow upon them from day to day." (He. 3:36.)

Prosperity in and of itself does not improve a man's character; there is no correlation between one's

material possessions and the nobility of his soul. Nevertheless, prosperity tends to make people feel superior and hence distorts their view of themselves.

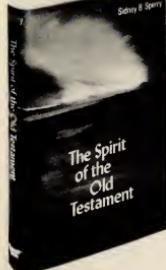
Closely related to the temptation of pride is the tendency of people who are prosperous to feel self-sufficient in relation to God. Material abundance can produce a false sense of security and mastery and cause people to feel no need for divine guidance and assistance.

"Yea, and we may see at the very time when he doth prosper his people, yea, in the increase of their fields, their flocks and their herds, and in gold, and in silver, and in

all manner of precious things of every kind and art; . . . yea, then is the time that they do harden their hearts, and do forget the Lord their God, and do trample under their feet the Holy One—yea, and this because of their ease, and their exceedingly great prosperity." (He. 12:2.)

A profound sense of our relationship to God and a feeling of need for his help is the very essence of spirituality. Unfortunately, material abundance tends to generate a sense of self-sufficiency, illusory as it may be, that can erode responsiveness to things spiritual. Samuel recognized and pointed out this

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condition to the Nephites: "Ye do not remember the Lord your God in the things with which he hath blessed you, but ye do always remember your riches, not to thank the Lord your God for them; yea, your hearts are not drawn out unto the Lord, but they do swell with great pride, unto boasting . . . and all manner of iniquities." (He. 18:22.)

While it is true that many people are able to retain and even strengthen their faith while living in prosperous circumstances, the relationship between prosperity and loss of faith is all too common to be ignored. The history of the Nephites reveals an ominous pattern. A generation, through its faith and diligence, works hard to serve the Lord and provide for itself. They are blessed in their efforts and soon become prosperous. But the fruits of their labors cause them to feel proud, vain, and self-sufficient, and they begin to lose the very faith that helped them to become prosperous in the first place. Sometimes this process takes place in one generation. At other times it is the second or third generation that succumbs to the temptations of material abundance.

A third danger inherent in material abundance is the tendency for the prosperous to become insensitive and unresponsive to human need and suffering. In periods of general prosperity, whether in our own day or in Book of Mormon times, not everyone shares in the abundance. There are always some who, for one reason or another, need help. The Book of Mormon gives many examples of the corrosive effect of prosperity on such attributes as empathy, sympathy, compassion, and unselfishness. Material possessions and creature comforts can cause us to lose our ability to identify with and respond in helpful ways to those who do not share in the blessings. Alma noticed this tendency among his people.

"Yea, he saw great inequality among the people, some lifting themselves up with their pride, despising others, turning their backs upon the needy and the naked and those who were hungry, and those who were athirst, and those who were sick and afflicted." (Al. 4:12.)

The ability to respond compassionately to human need and suffering is fundamental to the gospel of Jesus Christ. Nothing can adequately compensate for the lack of it. Moroni, toward the end of his life, recognized that future generations, perhaps including our own, would live under conditions of great abundance. He foresaw also that these conditions would cause some to lose their sensitivity to human need, as had happened so often among the Nephites. His description of future generations should have a sobering influence on our own prosperous generation.

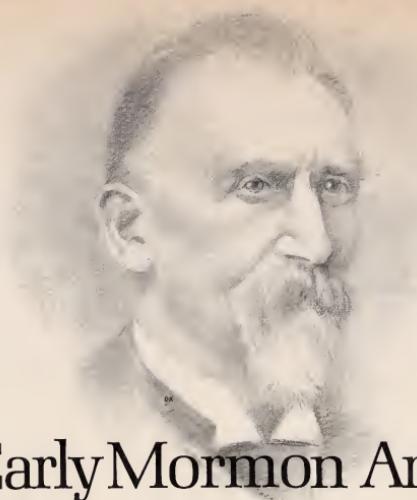
"For behold, ye do love money, and your substance, and your fine apparel, and the adorning of your churches, more than ye love the poor and the needy, the sick and the afflicted.

"Why do ye adorn yourselves with that which hath no life, and yet suffer the hungry, and the needy, and the naked, and the sick and the afflicted to pass by you, and notice them not?" (Morm. 8:37, 39.)

Any prosperous generation is subject to the same temptations that frequently undermined the moral and spiritual life of the Nephites. Material abundance can and often does result in a materialistic outlook on life. The history of the Nephites sounds an ample warning to guard against the subtle tendencies toward materialism. The principle of tithes and offerings can be thought of as a curb on materialism. When we give regularly ten percent of our income in tithes and an additional portion in offerings for the development of the Church, missionary work, ministering to the needs of the poor among us and assisting them to become self-sustaining where possible, this practice should help us keep a proper perspective on material values. Beyond the sustaining of life in reasonable comfort, material values should be thought of as a means of cultivating and fostering moral, spiritual, intellectual, and social values.

The paying of tithes and offerings teaches us to use part of our material resources for purposes beyond the accumulation of material possessions and creature comforts for ourselves. If we tithe in the proper spirit, we will learn to put our resources to work in support of values other than purely materialistic ends. Money spent in support of education, a missionary, good music, educational travel, honorable candidates for public office, or worthy charities is surely more in harmony with the gospel than an endless pursuit of material things and superficial diversions that have no life in them.

Our society is both prosperous and materialistically oriented. The good life, for example, as interpreted by the advertisements on television, consists in the accumulation of material possessions and the enjoyment of physical pleasures. Widespread promiscuity, drug abuse, and divorce demonstrate the vulnerability of our generation to the dangers of material prosperity. The gospel of Jesus Christ and the lessons of the Book of Mormon are powerful antidotes to the materialism of our day if we will but heed the warnings and the admonition of the Lord to "seek not for riches but for wisdom, and behold, the mysteries of God shall be unfolded unto you, and then shall you be made rich. Behold, he that hath eternal life is rich." (D&C 6:7.)



Early Mormon Artist Proclaimed "Art Discovery of 1970"

By David W. Evans

- This summer in New York City one of the Church's pioneer Mormon artists will be twice honored as "the American art discovery of 1970."

The first phase of the recognition of the late Carl Christian Anton Christensen (1831-1912) will come in the May-June issue of *Art in America*, which will reproduce in full color 23 paintings by this nineteenth century Danish-Utah artist, who spent most of his life in Ephraim, Utah.

Later this summer, as a second tribute to Christensen (known in his adult life as "CCA"), New York City's famed Whitney Museum of American Art, one of the most prestigious art centers in the United States, will display the originals of 22 of these paintings in an exhibit

scheduled to run eight weeks, from July 13 to September 7.

Each of the paintings to be displayed is about seven by ten feet, depicting events in Church history, ranging from Moroni's visitation to Joseph Smith, through the Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois growth and persecution, to the Saints' crossing of the plains and entering Great Salt Lake Valley.

The paintings were put together into what Christensen called his Mormon Panorama—painting stitched to painting to form a large scroll-type presentation some 175 feet long—which CCA displayed on popular lecture tours throughout Utah and parts of Idaho and Nevada in the late 1800s. For weight and balance, aspen poles were fastened to the paintings, and

held up by wooden tripods. An assistant would turn a crank, bringing into view each succeeding scene, as CCA described the event through heavily researched lecture notes.

For the coming New York exhibition, the paintings will be unstitched and framed as individual paintings. They will be presented on the entire main floor in the Whitney Museum, where interior walls will be removed to create one major exhibition area.

In addition to these panorama paintings, *Art in America* will feature another painting that is presently hanging in the Church Historian's Office, depicting the handcart pioneers, of which CCA and his young bride were a part in 1857.

Interestingly, although CCA's



"Defense of Nauvoo in September 1846"—beautiful easel painting depicting fate of those left behind at Nauvoo. (Edith Cannon, owner)

A Norwegian winter scene. (Owned by Mrs. Vilate Jackson)

artistic talents were respected during his lifetime, it was his literary abilities that made him a widely known figure—some say almost legendary—among early Scandinavian Latter-day Saints. He wrote hundreds of poems and rhymed verses ranging from humorous to gospel themes. Many of his poems were put to music and formed a major portion of early Scandinavian church hymns, one of which—still sung at nearly all Church baptismal services in Scandinavia—is said to be "of sufficient beauty to alone immortalize his name."

Historians have noted that "his Danish verse was something of an institution among them."¹ He was beloved for his reunion pieces, rhymed letters, humorous sketches, and gospel writings that appeared



David W. Evans, founder of an advertising and public relations firm, has been associated for many years with the projects and publicity of Church Information Service.



Panorama #3: Depicts the night of Saturday, March 24, 1832, at Hiram, Ohio, when the Prophet was tarred, feathered.

for many years in the Scandinavian Latter-day Saint publications *Bikuben* and *Skandinaviens Stjerne*. In the latter years of his life he served in the Church Historian's Office as a writer, translator, and compiler of materials dealing primarily with the Scandinavian countries, in one of which (Norway) he had served twice in a position that was equivalent

to that of mission president.

He painted murals for the Manti, Logan, and St. George temples, as well as traveled with his popular Mormon Panorama for some years.

After a full life of great and unstinting service to the Church to which he generously gave his many talents, he died at 80 years of age, a patriarch of the South Sanpete

Panorama #4: Graphic painting of 1833 persecution endured by Saints at Jackson County, Missouri, whence they were expelled by mobbers.



Stake. Now comes this richly deserved honor, at a time when many had begun to forget his remarkable gifts.

An interesting chain of events led to the recent discovery by *Art in America* of the panorama paintings, which had lain for years in a storage room on the Brigham Young University campus. In about 1906 Charles John Christensen, oldest son of CCA, purchased the panorama from his father for a token consideration of \$100, and when he died in 1928, the panorama was left with his wife. She wanted her children to share in ownership of the panorama, and upon her death in 1944, it became the property of the C. J. Christensen family, with the oldest son, Seymour, acting as custodian. He carefully stored the panorama in his home.

With the help of family members and relatives, the panorama was shown at family reunions and various Sanpete County and Ephraim reunions, celebrations, and gatherings. One of the relatives, Lars Bishop, who was teaching seminary, asked to show the paintings to his students and then to the teachers of the Church seminary system. Dr. William E. Berrett, administrator of seminaries and institutes, saw the paintings and asked if they could be brought to BYU, which was done in 1953. Since then, the panorama has been stored at BYU and has been used as backdrop in several BYU movies. A filmstrip was prepared for use by the seminaries, and several paintings were reproduced in various manuals. Some showings were organized for the Christensen family and other organizations.

In the late 1950s or early 1960s a prominent cultural historian-poet, Carl Carmer, went to Utah to research a book he was writing on the Church. (Titled *The Farm Boy and the Angel*, the book was re-

cently released by Doubleday.) Learning of the paintings, he obtained color transparencies and immediately appraised them as a major art discovery. He used 11 of the scenes in an article that appeared in *American Heritage* in February 1963, and he became the major catalyst in bringing together the 1970 related projects honoring C. C. A. Christensen. For 40 years he has been a distinguished American writer, poet, historian (one of his books was honored by the Literary Guild as the selection of the year), and he has served prominently in an advisory capacity for numerous major cultural-historical projects. The Church is fortunate in having as collaborator a man of his caliber and sympathetic understanding.

In the fall of 1969, Carmér showed photographs of the paintings to the editor of *Art in America*, Mrs. Jean Lipman, who shortly thereafter asked permission of the Church to reproduce the entire set of 22 paintings in a special C. C. A. Christensen issue, in spring 1970. The issue will also feature the handcart company painting from the Church Historian's Office; a painting by Dan Weggeland, an early Mormon artist and friend of Christensen; some works by Mahonri Young and John Held, Jr.; and early photographs of Utah from the Charles W. Carter collection.

According to Mrs. Lipman, *Art in America* has never given similar cover-plate coverage to any other artist in the 56 years of its publication.

As an additional honor, the magazine, whose circulation is 50,000, calls Christensen and his Mormon Panorama its nominee as "the American art discovery of 1970." The magazine, the largest art critics' magazine in the country, is associated with the Whitney



Panorama #15: Shows the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and the reported divine protection given his body from attackers.

Communications Corporation.

With the *Art in America* project approved, Mrs. Lipman showed the transparencies of the panorama paintings to John I. H. Baur, director of the Whitney Museum of American Art; Mr. Baur and his associates became equally enthusiastic and extended an invitation to the Church to exhibit these paint-

ings in the Whitney gallery.

In order to preserve the panorama concept, a length of fabric, similar to the original canvas of paintings stitched together (10 by 175 feet) will be rolled up on the original wooden poles. To the outside edge of this dummy roll will be attached one of the original paintings, giving viewers an idea

Easel in Church Historian's Office of handcart company. In 1857, CCA Christensen and his bride pulled their cart across the plains.





Panorama #19: Saints left behind at Nauvoo in fall, 1846, fought three-day battle with mobbers before surrendering.

of the way in which the original panorama paintings were transported and displayed by Christensen from town to town.

As an outgrowth of this two-pronged magazine-museum project, the publishers of *Art in America* have commissioned a book to be produced on Mormon art and architecture.

No article about the Christensen paintings or present plans for making them more widely known would be complete without the story of the man himself.

As for his person, his children and grandchildren remember him as a dignified man, always neat in appearance, "never mussy, even when he was working." A little less

Panorama #20: Forced from their Nauvoo homes, aged and sick Saints were saved from starvation by the descent of many quail.



than six feet tall, he was full-chested and had blue eyes and red hair, which turned gray early in life. As he grew older, his stately walk became a bit of a shuffle. He had poor eyesight, and even in his thirties his extreme nearsightedness was very pronounced. He soon acquired the habit of carrying a cane for fear of stumbling on the rough walks. As age advanced, he also lost part of his hearing. Both of these physical weaknesses were the subjects of many interesting and humorous experiences during his life and subjects about which he used to poke fun at himself.

Carl, as he was called in his youth, was born November 28, 1831, in Copenhagen, Denmark, the oldest of four sons of Mads Christensen and Dorothea Christiane Christensen. Although at one time they had owned an inn, they had suffered severe financial reverses until they were reduced to poverty about the time Carl was born. Eventually his mother was forced to go out washing and housekeeping, a work that often exceeded her strength and impaired her health.

Later in life CCA wrote: "When my mother was home, she cared for us with all the love and strength of a good devoted mother . . . and she planted in our young hearts a noble seed for good, which never fully was destroyed."

When he was young, he wrote, he had to clean the house, which he did "as well as I could, and I can say, that I put forth an effort, so that everything should be alright when my mother came home in the evening.

" . . . [mother] was gifted in cutting out birds, animals, and persons with surprising accuracy, and it was in this way that she entertained her children in the absence of any toys. She taught me to use the scissors and make such things as could be used for toys by

me and my brothers. I soon learned to draw with a sure hand. I always tried to imitate very correctly the profile of everything I saw, and was admired quite a bit by everyone who watched me."

The care of her children pressed heavily upon Carl's mother, and in her deeply based religious nature, she turned in prayer to God. Early in Carl's youth, she had had a dream that left a deep impression on her, to the effect that all would be well with her and her son. Now, concerned about her son's development, she again was prompted, in a dream, to make application for her gifted child to enter the state school for the worthy poor. Young Carl took the examination and did well, for despite his being the youngest in his public school class, "he had been number one for a year and a half."

The "institution of benevolence" was a new experience for 11-year-old Carl. He could visit his family only on holidays—if his behavior was good. The boys, who slept in large dormitories, were each assigned a number—he was 59—and each was called by that number. Prayers were said before all meals.

In April 1846, at the age of 14, he was confirmed in the Lutheran Church, according to the custom of his native land, and a week later, upon leaving the state school, he was apprenticed to a carpenter.

While he was at the state school, his artistic talents were discovered by the widow of an Admiral Bruun, a sea hero of Denmark, who was to become his benefactress for six years. The widow, Anne Sophie Bruun, Miss Eleanor Harbo, herself a painter and artist, and Miss Louise Solling had seen some of young Carl's paper cutouts. They asked him if he would like to go to the Academy of Arts, but since he was apprenticed to a master carpenter who was not then willing

to release him from his contract, he was able to attend the academy only in winter months, for which privilege Mrs. Bruun paid his master. In the spring of 1848, when Carl was 16 years old, Widow Bruun purchased his freedom. That summer he was again apprenticed, but this time to a master painter, Carl Rosent. He received from Rosent good instruction, but Rosent's self-confessed atheistic attitudes produced in Carl an indifference to religion.

Hence, when his mother was baptized in August 1850 (in the second baptism held by Elder Erastus Snow of the Council of the Twelve and his three companions, only a few short months after their arrival in Denmark), 18-year-old Carl responded with "contempt" toward this step, "as I thought talk of angels only superstition."

By the middle of September his thoughts had not changed much—until he met and heard the gospel preached by the missionaries. He was baptized September 26 and confirmed three days later, after which one of the men present told his mother that he felt Carl would later "become a worker in the vineyard of the Lord."

And a good worker he was. In the next several years, while finishing his studies at the Academy of Arts and completing his apprenticeship, he introduced the gospel to several co-workers, who joined the Church. "When I in the evening had finished my work for my master, I visited the Saints in their houses and taught them their duties, had prayer with them, collected their part of the house rent and often presided in prayer meetings." He was also reading everything he could about the Church: "I read like a starved person."

During this period he fell in love with a young girl whom he hoped to marry. But in answer to prayers

about the matter, he was informed in a dream that she preferred another person, one of his co-workers to whom he had introduced the gospel.

Of this period, CCA later wrote: "The year 1852 began in a very happy way, both for me personally and for the Kingdom of God. The Church grew fast, and I, myself, grew, because of the light that seemed to shine brighter and brighter . . . breaking down the ignorance of many centuries." During this year he and his mother bid farewell to his youngest brother, who set sail for America and Great Salt Lake City.

That same year he began working on his *Svendeprove*, a piece of work each painter prepared before he could finish his apprenticeship. In January 1853, at 21 years of age, he went to the president of the painters' organization for examination. Then his work was taken to the County House, where it was judged by a specially appointed committee under the leadership of the Academy of Arts. His work "was accepted and praised," and he was now a journeyman painter.

But instead of embarking on a career as an artist, he looked forward to being released from his apprenticeship so that "I could work among my countrymen as a missionary." Then a priest in the Aaronic Priesthood, he was called to serve on Sjælland, his home island, and thus began missionary service that would span nearly a decade in his lifetime. During this first mission he began his career as a hymn writer, as indicated in two entries from his journal: "May 4th—I arose this morning, and had prayer, whereafter I sat down and wrote songs, as the Lord would inspire me." "May 11th—I sat down to write some songs which I had made up the day before." (The day before, he had faced some strong

reactions by anti-Mormons.) When he returned home to Copenhagen, he called on his benefactress to share with her his "new treasure," but instead "this came as a stroke to her and brought her great grief...."

In October Elder Christensen was called to Norway, where missionary work had been established two years earlier. As he left the ship to step on Norwegian shores,



CCA Christensen and wife in buggy, in front of their Ephraim, Utah, home. Upper room was CCA's painting room.

the young Dane reported he walked "inland to the woods and there dedicated myself to the Lord to the service of these people."

His first mission to Norway (1853-1857) was marked by the typical experiences suffered by many other missionaries as they have tried to introduce the restored gospel to new lands. He was imprisoned several times for preaching and was twice sentenced to five days of bread and water. He was a spokesman for the Church in public debates in the Norwegian capital city of Christiania (now Oslo), where, as a result of his impressive preaching and engaging personality, several persons of civic prominence became friendly to the Mormons, maintaining that friendship for many years. In the winter of 1855, he trudged 165 miles over ice and snow, pulling a small sleigh with his belongings, to reach Saints in an outlying area. That same year he was appointed president of the Norwegian conference, which included all of Norway, and he presided over the conference (num-

bering over 300 persons) until the spring of 1857, when he was released from his mission. He was then 25 years of age.

CCA wanted to emigrate to Utah to be with the general body of the Church, and so, in company with other European Latter-day Saints, he sailed to England. On April 24, 1857, in Liverpool, he and Elise Haarby, a girl he had met during his first missionary assignment and one of the first woman converts in Norway, were married aboard the ship that was to take them to the United States.

He was a steward over the Scandinavian Saints while crossing the sea and was division captain with the handcart group with which he and his young bride traveled the 1,300 miles from Iowa City to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. They arrived in September 1857, "destitute of everything but faith in God and hope for better days."

Upon his arrival in Utah, the young artist became a hod carrier, because the "paint pots were dry and empty." He subsequently worked as a hide tanner, charcoal burner, farmer, house painter, theater scene painter, and artist. His mother and two younger brothers, Mads Frederick and William, had preceded him to Utah by several years, but by the time CCA arrived his mother had died. Frederick was then living in Fairfield, Cedar Valley, 40 miles southwest of Salt Lake City, and CCA and his bride joined him there. They all lived together for a short time in a one-room rented house in a little stone fort that had been erected as protection for the settlers against the Indians and the threatened invasion by an army of the United States (which, in fact, camped peacefully in the valley when it did arrive).

An indication of the trials of these early pioneers is found in

CCA's life. While tanning hides, he dropped an axe on his foot, cutting it so severely that he could not work for six weeks. His bandage was one of the legs of his only pair of "under trousers." But his spirit of good cheer and natural enthusiasm carried him through conditions that might otherwise seem almost unbearable.

After a year in Fairfield, CCA and his wife and infant daughter moved some 110 miles south of Salt Lake City, to Sanpete County, called "Little Denmark" because so many Danes were there. It was to be CCA's home and heart for the rest of his life, despite the Indian wars, grasshopper plagues, snakes, droughts, and other hardships. He helped found the town of Mt. Pleasant, settling on several acres from which he was expected to make his living. In the early 1860s, he helped paint scenery for the Salt Lake Theatre, but painting could not yet—nor would it ever—support him totally.

On a Sunday morning in 1865, 33-year-old CCA received a letter from Brigham Young calling him to a second mission to Norway. A few days later, he called his little family together and gave a father's blessing to each of his three children, who were all under six years of age. He again presided over the Norwegian conference, which included about 1,000 Saints. (Sadly, he arrived in Europe just one year after the death of his father.)

While in Norway in 1866, he turned to portrait painting to help support himself and "succeeded beyond expectations." In January 1867, he took some "hours information daily in the art of painting" from Phillip Barlag, a "very accomplished young man." In 1868 he returned to Utah, bringing with him the parents of his wife and his brother August, as well as a sizeable body of Norwegian Saints.

Two years after he returned home to Mt. Pleasant, CCA took his family to Ephraim; he moved a year later to help settle Fairview, where they resided briefly until Indian trouble forced them to return to Mt. Pleasant and thence back to Ephraim.

During these years he busied himself painting murals for several of the temples. He was establishing a well-known name among the community and fellow Scandinavians for his artistic and literary abilities.

The family recalls that CCA often mixed his own pigments, sometimes from the herbs and plants growing wild in his community. His children remembered riding with him in the buggy to other towns, seeking witnesses to the scenes of Church history that he was painting. After sketching in an event, he would ask those who would assist to help him fill in the details—a bush here, some children there, the hill sloping just so. It was his desire to make his pictures accurate, and he sought information firsthand from as many witnesses as possible.

About this time he painted a panorama (since lost) of biblical and Book of Mormon scenes. One account indicates that he was approached in 1877 by Dimick B. Huntington, an Indian guide and missionary, who commissioned some scenes as an aid for teaching the gospel to the Indians. Huntington died in 1879, before the project was completed. Proof that CCA eventually completed a dozen paintings that would serve as teaching aids and evidence that he showed them in an illustrated lecture series are well documented. A printed handbill of a lecture given by CCA in Tooele, Utah, describes the subjects of this panorama as "Adam and Eve in the Garden Partaking of the Tree of Life," "The Murder of Abel by His Brother Cain," "The Flood With



Early photograph of CCA Christensen mural in Ephraim Tabernacle.

Below: Wallace Sprague, president of Art in America, and Earl Olson, assistant Church Historian, examine panorama.



a Representation of the Ark," "Lehi and His Family Leaving Jerusalem to Take Their Journey to the American Continent," "Nephi Bound by His Brothers on Board the Vessel," "The Landing of the Colonists," "The Forefathers of the American Indians on the Shores of the American Continent," "The Baptism of Christ in the River Jordan," "Crucifixion of the Savior," "Christ Appearing to the Ancient Inhabitants of This Continent After His Crucifixion and Resurrection," "Moroni Hiding Up the Plates Containing the Records of the Book of Mormon," and "Joseph Smith the Prophet Receiving the Plates of the Book of Mormon From the Hands of the Angel Moroni."

The second panorama, the one whose scenes will be shown in New York and will be published in *Art in America*, was commenced apparently by the mid-1870s, because by 1878 it is known that seven of the paintings had been completed, and by September 1893, 19 scenes had been completed, leaving four unaccounted for. A sketch of CCA's life written by his brother Frederick indicates that CCA had help from

Building to left of church, which housed first missionaries to Denmark, is where CCA Christensen heard gospel preached.



him in financing and producing the project. A man with some artistic talent himself, a violinist, hymn writer, and photographer, Frederick wrote: "I and my brother Carl decided to unite our efforts in painting a set of large paintings representing the origin and development of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, illustrating on canvas many persecutions endured by the Saints previous to their fleeing to the Rocky Mountains. Consent and encouragement having been obtained from the authorities of the Church [some sources say from Brigham Young], we proceeded to get the paintings made and prepared to exhibit them in public places. It was called a Mormon Panorama. When seven paintings had been finished by my brother, we started on a tour of lecturing and exhibiting. We met with a hearty welcome everywhere we went. It was looked upon as a worthy enterprise and proved a financial success as well. I owned a third interest in it. In the winter of 1879-80 I was offered a position as principal of the district school in Fairview, and being tired of

traveling after two winters of it, I sold my interest to my brother who became the sole proprietor of the panorama."

When finished, this panorama had 23 paintings on the roll. The first painting, "The First Vision," evidently has been lost or destroyed.

In 1882, when his son Charles was called on a mission, CCA re-

ceived permission from President Joseph F. Smith of the First Presidency to exhibit the panorama between Salt Lake City and Ogden to earn money for the mission. He later sent some paintings to Norway for Charles to sell in order to help pay for his mission. In 1885 CCA and Dan Weggeland painted a third panorama titled "Curious Ways,

Manners, and Customs of Various Countries, Religiously and Otherwise," which Frederick traveled with for two winters before selling it for an interest in a sawmill.

In the summer of 1886 more scenes on Church history were painted for the panorama. During these years CCA was also formulating in his mind a set of Book of Mormon charts for the Sunday School; when published, these charts were widely used and his "name became generally and favorably known throughout the entire Church."

In 1887 he was called on his third mission, back to Copenhagen, where he served until 1889; one of his responsibilities was as writer, translator, and general manager of the *Skandinavien Stjerne*, a bimonthly Church publication.

This article primarily pays tribute to CCA's artistic activities, but equally as much space could be given to his role as a writer, of which it has been written, "He could praise the Lord or poke fun at Scandinavian foibles. He knew their nearness to sentiment and tears, but he knew also their capacity for laughter. CCA was a salutary influence among his people then, as he is a delightful memory among them today. The mother tongue could have wished no better singer." "His ears served him as well as his eyes, and he recorded the interests of his people in authentic accents. To the familiar, the cherished, the sentimental, and the comical in their lives he gave dignity or gently satirical expressions as the occasion demanded. . . . He could move them with his hymns of simple faith or as surely rouse them to laughter at any spectacle of himself he chose to hold up to their view." CCA once wrote of himself, "They called me a poet, but I'm only a painter, and Danish is my daily speech."²

CCA as an Artist

By Dr. J. Roman Andrus

Professor of Art, Brigham Young University

● The Mormon Panorama is direct in statement and has a range of detail that makes it seem to be from the hand of a primitive, but when the body of work is studied closely, it becomes apparent that the paintings are imbued with depth and the vigorous concern of a noble spirit. They were conceived and planned by a disciplined and facile mind and executed by a hand that could be sensitive and subtle, quick and powerful.

The organization of the canvases is often complicated, yet informally balanced with such varied elements as architectural forms encircled with masses of figures and ever-present stage-like trees for dramatic relief and textural detail. There are, at the same time, psychological and historical implications and space in which one sometimes senses surrealistic overtones. Such integrated factors suggest the conceptual depth of a highly sophisticated painter. This suggestion is reinforced by impeccable placement of groups of figures to employ the entire picture plane or create an emptiness, as in the "Tar and Feathering of the Prophet," to indicate the quiet stealth desired.

At times C.C.A. Christensen seems to work intuitively in setting up rhythms of legs and arms and leaning bodies that show the ebb and flow of the temper of the mob or the sympathetic responses of the Indians as the Prophet teaches them in an outdoor setting. His sense of directional change of forms of varied pictorial elements also seems unplanned. The varied lighting effects are too extreme and underworked to be contrived.

Of all the visual forces, the color attests most eloquently to the integration of feeling and knowledge into expressive power. Moods of desolation and grief reside in the greens and smoky blue-grays, while spiritual outpouring is seen in the reds and yellows, and terror is felt in the yellow-browns as the mobbers face death in the swollen river, which is brightened by white cartoon-like lightning.

It is no wonder that Saints from Idaho, Nevada, and throughout Utah understood and responded to the Mormon Panorama. In it, the language of the spoken word was reinforced by expressive visual symbols and the compelling language of the spirit. ○



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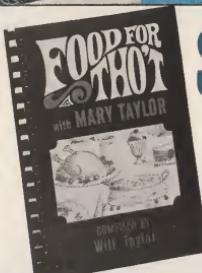
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Christian Anton Christensen died. He was 80 years old.

Numerous individual paintings by him are treasured by relatives and family members. The scenes vary from events in Church history to scenes of Norway, and of family, friends, and life in Utah.

Painter, poet, patriarch—without question CCA was a great and good man. When his love of art and writing and his love of the gospel could both be given expression in the same art portrayal, he realized some of his happiest hours. It is fortunate indeed that he was able to use so effectively his professional talent as a tool to aid him in teaching the most important thing in his life: the restored gospel.

As to the future of his paintings, Mrs. Lipman, the editor of *Art in America*, makes this optimistic observation: "When mounted, these paintings could be shown in other museums, world's fairs, and so forth. I really think that they will eventually stand at the very top of the nineteenth century American genre painting."

It is the sincere hope of all admirers of this Danish immigrant that he will receive the recognition he so richly deserves. ◎



FOOTNOTES

1 William Mulder, *Homeward to Zion* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1957), p. 267.
2 Ibid. See pp. 267-73.

Above, left: Panorama #18—in mid-February 1846, Saints cross an ice-covered Mississippi River and go to Sugar City, Iowa.

Left: A scene well-known by CCA—missionaries tracting in Denmark. (Owned by Beatrice Vernon)

Right: One of five known paintings by CCA of handcart pioneers. (Owned by Zella Christensen)



Above: CCA's most popular single theme—the handcart pioneers. This painting is on heavy canvas. (Owned by Mrs. Mary C. Condie)



Below: Harvest time in Ephraim. (Owned by J. William Christensen)

Above: Norway in the winter. (Owned by Eva Wallace)



Above: Painting by CCA of his 1875 Sanpete County home, wife, and children. (Owned by Mrs. Veda Jensen)

Left: "Winter Quarters," an easel painting of the main campground of the pioneers. (Owned by Mrs. Norma Taggart)



"Crossing the Mississippi—Feb: 1846," an easel painting. (Owned by Morgan Dyring)



"Sugar Creek," one of the pioneer camps after the expulsion from Nauvoo. (Owned by Seymour Christensen)

The Sons of Mosiah



David Zandona,
former member
of Moody Blues

Jim Dalby
(old) and
returned
missionary

Al Cherry,
outstanding
negro convert
hilarious

Lynn Bryson
rank disc
jockey, young
boy missionary
song*

Bob Nichols
former hippie
drug user
convincing singer,
lecturer

de witt "mouse"
Harris, great
bluesman

"mormons troubled by the
temptation the spreading
drug craze poses for their
teen-agers and by outsiders'
criticism of their official
stance on negroes in their
church, think they may have
the answer in a new folk
and rock group."

—washington post

" . . . should be seen by our youth
everywhere in the church."

—harry j. haldeman
santa barbara, california
stake president

" . . . aided immensely in our
missionary work . . . and in
helping to build the proper
image of the church in the east."

—president norman r. bowen
eastern atlantic states mission

" . . . entire program had a very
powerful effect upon all members
of the stake, both young and
old . . . would recommend this
program for all others . . . "

—w. preston cook
pittsburgh, pennsylvania
stake president

a live recording...

double jacket stereo album, live feb. 27, 1970, during eastern atlantic states mission,
mormon cultural series concert tour, at washington, d.c.; introductory price, all four
sides, \$5, plus 50¢ handling . . . order records, concert information: **L. A. B. productions,**
p. o. box 121, university station, provo, utah 84601

Family Reminiscences of CCA

● "As youth we used to hear our parents and relatives talk and laugh for what seemed hours about CCA stories. They always told the story of his crossing the plains in 1865. He was on his way to Norway on his second mission and was in a company of about 50 men and that many horses and mules. Each night a different man stood guard, protecting the animals and keeping them from straying. When his turn came, although he apparently had not informed the group that he was quite near-sighted and hard of hearing, he thought it his duty to take his turn. Thus, he placed himself so that he could see his white mule, and kept a faithful watch during the night. But when daylight appeared, he found that he had only been watching a large white rock on the hillside. The herd was nowhere to be seen. It took some hours to round up all the horses and mules."



"I can see in my mind many memories of Grandpa CCA while I was in my teens. I remember him painting. He was so nearsighted that he would get down about six or eight inches from his work, sometimes right down to the canvas, in order to paint."



"In later years he became quite hard of hearing. Once he was asked to close sacrament meeting with prayer, but he thought he had been asked to preach. So he gave a sermon instead of a prayer. Apparently it was a long one, too. The family was really embarrassed, but it didn't bother him any. He said people needed to listen more anyway."

"People used to tease him, but he always took it in good humor. In fact, he told stories about himself to make lessons for other people. Grandchildren remember how soft his hands were when he patted their cheeks. He was really a scholarly, literary man, out of place in rough farm work. But the good thing about him was that he tried. He did his share of the hard work, too."



"One day in Ephraim he was walking down the main street, bent over a little so, I suppose, he could see the ground better. His cane was in front of him, but apparently he couldn't see where he was going, because he bumped into a tree. He must have thought it was a plump lady, because I can remember him stepping back quickly, taking off his hat, and saying, 'Good morning, Sister!'"



"When he went lecturing with his panorama, he always took another man with him. He let the other man drive the team, partly because he would get involved in his thoughts and absent-mindedly get himself into difficulties. He wore a bearskin coat on these trips, and heated rocks and blankets to keep the cold away. His wife would bake enough cookies to fill a wash tub or a pillow case, and he would take them along to munch on."



"In his lectures he would have the people sing hymns about the scene—whether it was the First Vision or some other scene. He would tell what he had learned from witnesses who had been there. Usually by the time he had finished, the whole congregation would be in tears. People really loved his message and testimony." ○



She Scrubbed Our Souls

By Dr. Lindsay R. Curtis

● To see to it that ten children and their parents all had their baths on Saturday night was no small project. But the new "monkey stove" certainly was an improvement over heating water in pans on the old coal stove.

Each of the younger children took his turn as Mother, on bended knee, scrubbed our sometimes unwilling skin and carefully inspected the final results. Now, nearly a half century later, it is all too apparent that Mother not only scrubbed our skin—she also scrubbed clean our souls for the Sabbath.

How well I remember her story of Indians coming to the door when just two little girls were home with

Dr. Lindsay R. Curtis, bishop of Weber State College (Utah) Second Ward, is a practicing gynecologist, and a nationally-syndicated newspaper columnist on medical problems.

their mother (my mother's grandmother). What should they do? But of course, they put their trust in the Lord as they knelt in prayer before opening the door of the log cabin.

Looking around the cabin, the Indians must have known that the women were all alone and unprotected, yet they took only the food that was given them and went on their way, leaving the children and their mother unharmed.

I remember Mother's pioneer version of the piggy bank—a gray hand-knitted mitten with a green edge around it that she used as a child to save her tithing, penny by penny. After what seemed an eternity to her child-mind, she finally had saved ten cents, which she proudly took to the bishop to start her name on the tithing rolls of the Church. With this beginning, the little gray mitten began to "open the windows of heaven" for this little girl, as the Lord poured down his blessings so great that she could scarcely receive them. As the contents of the mitten grew, so did the faith of the little girl.

Learning thrift as well as good management, she always seemed to have sufficient money for things that were important. Doors opened for an education. Other doors opened to qualify her as a teacher.

Later, as this little girl married, the mitten continued to treasure the Lord's tenth, as my father and mother struggled to secure a home and a family. Eventually their blessings became so great that the little gray mitten could no longer hold the tenth. But it had served its purpose. Not only had it taught the little girl this important law of the tithe, but its lesson had also been handed down to more than one hundred of her descendants.

I remember Mother's taking a stick in her hand and breaking it with ease. Then, taking ten sticks and tying them together, she demonstrated how unbreakable they were.

"If you ten children will let love and loyalty bind you together, your strength will be as the strength of a hundred," mother explained. The sticks and their binding have continued to be our family coat-of-arms.

A type of justice against which no one could argue was the kind Mother meted out as she taught us right from wrong. The offender was always sent to cut his own willow. Mother knew full well that we sensed our guilt. Our conscience was such that each of us pretty well brought back the size willow we deserved for punishment. And don't we determine by the type

of life we live the degree of reward or punishment we will receive?

Mother didn't have to tell us how important the "block teachers" were in our lives. The fact that everyone left what he was doing to give them full attention and respect spoke for itself. If there had been television in that day, it would have been the first thing to be turned off. Next to the bishop, the home teachers were looked upon as the closest and most important friends the family had.

Never was an unkind word spoken about the bishop or any other authority. Small wonder, then, that we grew up to love the brethren and respect their counsel.

Compassion and sharing became part of our lives. We always had enough Sunday dinner to take well-stacked plates of food to some of the elderly widowers in the ward, whom Mother had adopted when she was Relief Society president. Nor were they dropped from the family after her release. Their larders were kept full until they died.

Faith in the priesthood came in the form of a never-to-be-forgotten experience. Our sister lay seriously ill, having taken a sudden turn for the worse. Father was temporarily unavailable, as were the other Melchizedek Priesthood bearers.

In the yard were two men who were constructing a fence around our home. Mother quickly approached them to ask if they held the Holy Priesthood. They did, but they felt too inexperienced to perform the important ordinance of administering to the sick.

"Come with me quickly. I have some consecrated oil and I'll tell you what to say," said Mother. And she did. Nor did any of us forget her lesson in faith, nor the importance and power of the priesthood.

Mother's method for handling difficult problems was direct. Standing erect in front of a mirror, she would look herself straight in the eyes. "All right," she would say, "which is greater, you or the problem?" The answer was obvious.

Yes, Mother scrubbed our souls as she scrubbed our bodies. How can we ever repay her for helping to prepare us for eternal life? I'm not sure, but one thought comes to mind:

On several occasions when God the Father introduced his Son, Jesus Christ, he pointed to him with justifiable pride as he said: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Can we ask more than that our mothers might say the same about us? Q

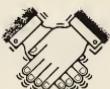
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Because the cords are at angles to each other, the tread squirms or "scrubs" against the pavement causing friction when you drive. The scrubbing makes the tire more resistant to roll—which makes your car use more horsepower to roll itself along.



But the AMOCO 120 SS Radial Oval's tread, because of the tire's 6-layer 2-ply, 4-belt construction, doesn't "scrub" as vigorously and, as a result, there is less friction and roll resistance.

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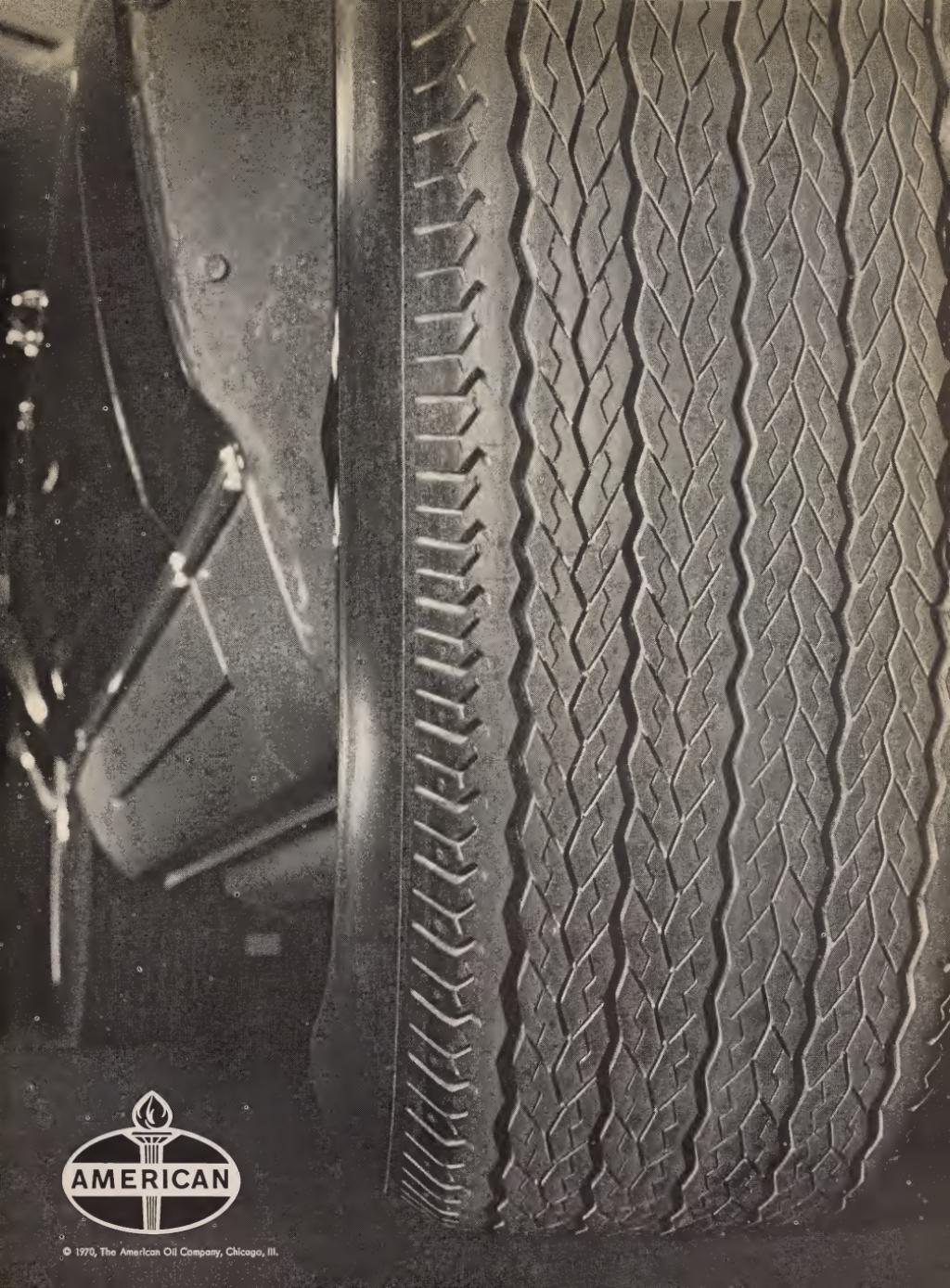
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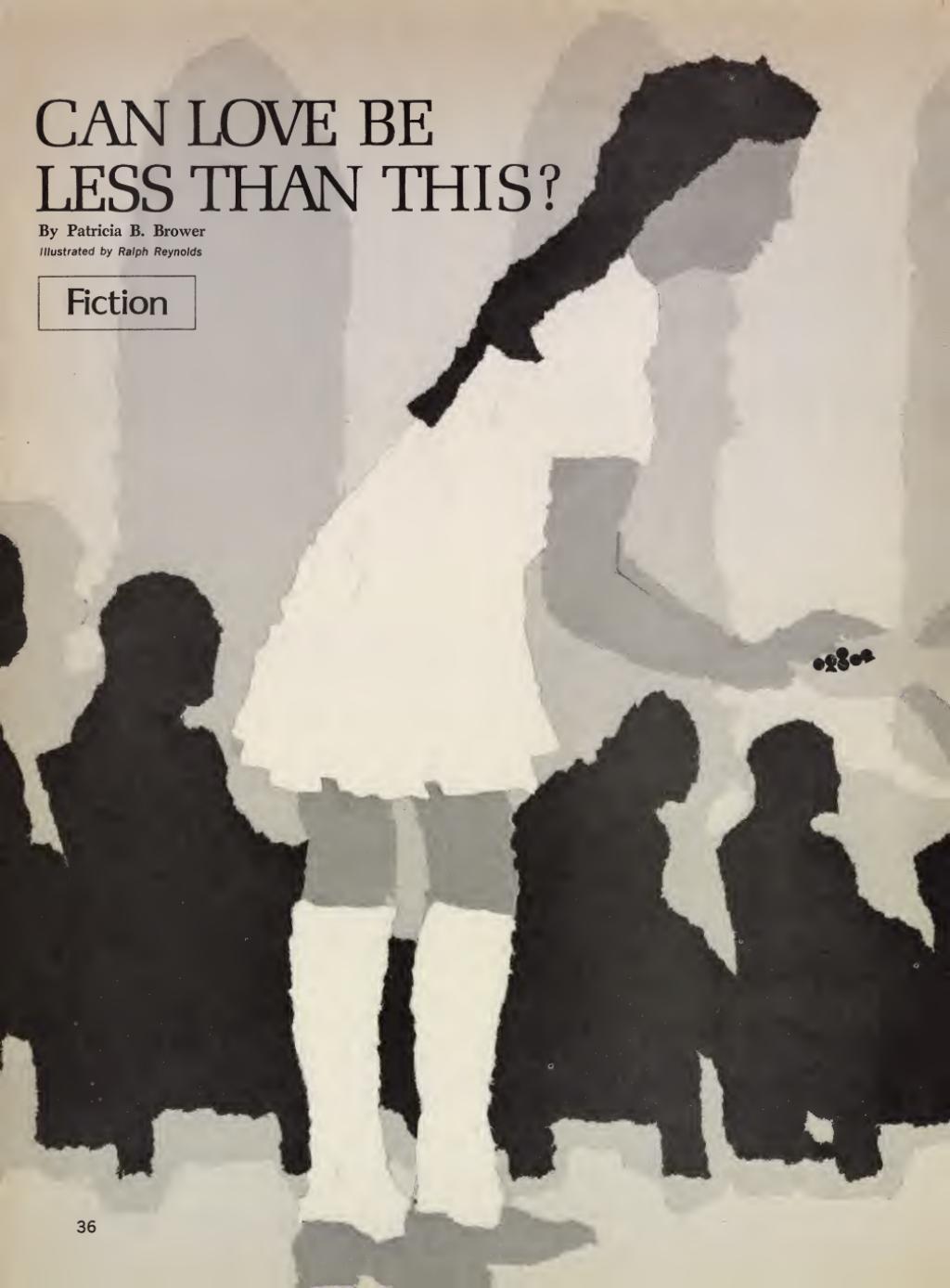


CAN LOVE BE LESS THAN THIS?

By Patricia B. Brower

Illustrated by Ralph Reynolds

Fiction





He lay on his back, arms waving feebly in the warm air of the incubator. Ten tiny toes and ten long narrow fingers moved in the air, reminding Karen of a wee monkey. Shocked by this sacrilegious thought of her firstborn, she took a sudden breath and felt her face grow warm. She found herself murmuring endearments, as if

in apology, through the glass window that separated mother from son. She leaned her forehead against the cool pane as if to get nearer the tiny child.

Suddenly Karen became aware of a movement reflected in the window and realized that she had been murmuring aloud. She looked around with an embarrassed explanation on her lips, but no words were uttered as she saw the figure that stood at the window. It was a young man, tall and thin. His shoulder blades were sharply defined beneath his thin plaid shirt. His trousers were a faded blue denim, and the cuffs drooped over scuffed brown shoes. Karen saw that his face and hands were rich reddish-brown, and his hair, which grew down about his ears and neck, was midnight black. The man must have felt Karen's curious gaze, as he moved his dark head slightly in her direction and chocolate brown eyes gazed into startled blue. Karen, ashamed that she had been caught staring, began to smile, but the head turned back to the window, and the brown eyes searched the glass-enclosed area, finally resting on a basket in the middle of the nursery.

Karen glanced at the basket, catching sight of tiny arms, as dark as those of the man who watched intently at the window. Standing on tiptoe, she saw a small brown face, completely unlined, crowned by the thickest thatch of black hair she had ever seen on a newborn. Jack had told her, she remembered, on one of the many times he had reminisced about his mission experiences, that many Indian children were born with thick black hair. This abundance of dark hair confirmed in her mind that this was one of the race of people her young husband had come to love on his mission. Karen remembered how she had feigned interest in his stories and, it seemed to her, endless snapshots of the Indian people. But Jack could sense her lack of interest; he had gazed at her for a moment, as though studying her, and then had gathered up his pictures and placed them in his box of mission mementos. As she remembered now, Karen made a silent vow to try to understand and appreciate these children of God—Indian Israel, as Jack often called them.

She looked at the young man once more. Suddenly she realized he was standing motionless at the window. Although he gazed intently at the child, his face showed no expression. Unlike most new fathers, he made no cooing noises, nor did he tap on the window in a vain attempt to turn little blurry eyes in his direction. He just stood very still and gazed.

Surely he's just a little excited, she mused. Then she added, a little indignantly, Jack had better look a little more like a new father!

With that thought, she turned back to her own child. Had she watched the man for only a few more

moments, she would have detected knuckles clenched tightly, brown eyes squeezed tight for a fleeting moment, and slender throat working as though he were swallowing hard. These revealing signs she had not seen, as with the impatience of youth she dismissed the unfamiliar from conscious thought.

After Jack and Karen took the baby home from the hospital, she began to be caught up in the exhilarating excitement of nourishing and protecting a life of her own creation. She often seemed to be mesmerized by her mother role, and her heart grew fat on the love she felt for her firstborn child.

Weeks rolled into months, and almost too soon little John was a year old. His first birthday was one neither Karen nor Jack would ever forget. Jack had come home from classes looking as though he could not contain his excitement. Karen could not get him to tell her the news until after they had blown out the candle on the birthday cake. Johnny had been playing in the cake, smearing it into his mouth and over his face. Karen and Jack had laughed at him for a few moments and then Jack had said, a little nervously, "Honey, how would you like to move onto an Indian reservation in a couple of months?"

Karen had felt a sudden sickness inside, and she had not been able to utter a word.

Jack, encouraged by her silence, had gone on. "In a few weeks school will be out; and I have been talking to some men I know in Indian seminaries. They need good LDS families to go onto the reservations to work with the people." With a little touch of pride, he stated, "They asked me to go into a new area to start a seminary program. Honey, wouldn't it be wonderful?"

Anger had raged through Karen's heart, and tears had flooded her eyes as she swung around to face her shocked husband.

"You don't even care about us," she cried. "You couldn't care, if you ask us to live under such miserable conditions!" She began to gasp with uncontrollable anger and distress. "I've seen those pictures of yours—the way those people live and look. You will not force our son to grow up living under those conditions!"

She had been sobbing uncontrollably by the time her bitter words had ended, and she did not see the deep lines of disappointment and pain etched across Jack's face. Nor did she see his gentle hands clench into tight fists as he fought to control his emotions. She had fled into the bedroom and let the scalding tears flow unrestrained.

The crisis passed, and although they did not discuss it, it was evident to both of them that the subject had been forever dropped. The strained atmosphere was slowly dissipated by the ability of youth to adjust

to disappointment and pain. Soon they could feel at ease alone together, and dreams were shared once more. And the months continued to pass.

One warm day in April, when the daffodils began to open their fragrant yellow blossoms, Karen felt an almost uncontrollable desire to hold new life in her arms. It had been four years since she had felt the wonder of new creation. Fear began to dwell in her heart, and every new baby blessed in fast meeting became an object of envy and yearning. She did not speak of this to Jack, but his gentle eyes read it in her every action. A plan of love started to form in his heart.

It was on a warm May evening that Jack spoke. "Wouldn't a little girl be nice?" he observed innocently. He pretended not to notice the little gasp of surprise and went on. "There's something about a little girl that makes a man feel strong and important." He sighed, a little more dramatically than the moment called for. Karen was very quiet beside him. Her eyes were full of visions of pink lace and soft, blonde curls.

Jack put his arm around her shoulders and drew her to him. "Karen," he began, "listen to me very carefully and generously. Remember as I talk to you that I love you very much." He paused for a moment and closed his eyes, as though gathering courage and strength.

"We can have a little girl," he went on eagerly, "and we won't need to wait for her." Karen stiffened for a moment in the warm circle of his arm. "We can have a little girl who desperately needs the kind of gentle, sweet mothering you can give her," he said, "a little girl who needs the kind of spirituality you possess. Look, darling." With his right hand he drew a picture from his back pocket and held it before her eyes. It was the portrait of a girl, standing before a crude dwelling. The eyes of the child drew Karen's reluctant attention. They were enormous. They seemed to fill most of the dark face, and the expression in them defied interpretation. Karen could feel a reluctant response begin to grow in her heart, as she took the picture, her eyes fastened on the tousled head. It would be black, she thought, thick and unruly like Johnny's.

Suddenly a memory tugged at her mind—another head, covered with shining black hair, and attached to a wriggling body, arms, and legs. As though he stood before her again, Karen saw the young man clenching his slender dark hands. An expression of longing, pleading, and yes, even pride, struck her soul. The vision faded, and she drew a deep breath.

Jack's voice broke anxiously through her reverie. "Karen, somewhere on the reservation, a little girl stands in front of her home, breathing the tangy air

of a May morning on the desert. Perhaps she is on her way to the sheep corral to take the sheep out into the desert land, where she will guard them until they return at dusk. She may be only eight years old, but already she bears this burden of responsibility. Her heart will not be heavy as she follows the sheep, but as light as that of any eight-year-old child on a warm May day."

Karen knew that Jack could see these things as he spoke, for his gray eyes grew smoky and dreamy. How beautiful the words were, and Karen realized that her sweetheart was even more sensitive and kind than she had believed. Her free hand stole over to his and clutched it tightly.

"There is one thing this desert child cannot have," Jack went on. "There is something that perhaps only you and I can give her. You see," he said softly, "this little girl was the only member of her family whom we were able to baptize. She lives 20 miles from the nearest Latter-day Saint chapel, and the missionaries no longer tract her area. She is very much alone, and so young."

As Karen held the picture in her trembling hand and gazed with misty eyes at the child, an almost unbearable sense of shame and remorse swept through her. Perhaps it was the memory of the pleading eyes of a thin young man. Perhaps it was simply the gentle voice of motherhood whispering to a daughter of God. With heart pounding and voice choked with tears, she whispered, "How can we help her, Jack? I want very much to—"

Jack clasped her to his breast, excitement and relief evident in his voice. "We may not be able to help this girl, but perhaps one like her, Karen, you know about the Church's Indian placement program. I spoke to one of the men in charge about the possibility of our taking a little girl into our home. He said that if we were both in agreement, he would consider us."

Suddenly Karen and Jack were both laughing with excitement. Johnny, hearing their laughter, left his play to run to them, excited because they were.

"Johnny," Jack shouted, "how would you like a big sister?" Jack had not been so excited about anything since Johnny's birth. It was too late to turn back now, Karen thought.

During the next few months, Karen was caught up in a whirlwind of preparations for the addition to their family. A representative of the placement program came to see them early in the summer. Karen was a little shocked when he mentioned that he must determine if they were worthy to take an Indian child into their home. She had never even considered the possibility they might be denied a child. Somehow it seemed to throw a different light on the situation,

and it was with no little pride that she received the news that they had been found worthy. The foster placement worker had assured them that it was almost a certainty that they would receive a girl. He hadn't been able to promise that she would be eight years old, but he did promise they would be happy with their selection.

As the summer days flew, so did Karen's nimble fingers. She converted the unused guest room into a cozy bedroom, with new pink paint and pink and white curtains. Yards of material lay in the bottom drawer of the dresser, waiting for a size and a little girl to adorn. Several times a day, Karen would tip-toe into the room, breathless with pleasure at her handiwork and with anticipation and excitement at the thought of its expected occupant.

At last the week arrived when they were to meet their little girl. Karen tried to review and memorize all the information she and Jack had received at the many meetings the prospective parents had attended. She could see again the inspiring movies they had been shown explaining the program—its problems and its rewards. She had reread the Book of Mormon, fascinated and engrossed with its history and prophecies. The word *Lamanite* no longer was a term used to designate a people of long ago; suddenly it became to her a nation struggling for light and redemption just miles from her own home. Karen had read, with tears in her eyes, the prophecies and promises made to the Lamanites, thrilling to the knowledge that she, a daughter of Ephraim, was playing her role in being "a nursemaid to the Lamanites." She had trembled as she read powerful words prophesying that those who neglected and denied this people would be condemned by God himself.

Yes, it had been a very revelatory training period, and Karen hoped she was ready to meet the test. Yet deep inside nagged a small voice: Was it possible that she could not win the trust and affection of this shy creature? Oh, she was prepared for shyness, but what if the sharp eyes of the child should detect insincerity or insecurity in her actions? Mighty prayers poured forth from her heart.

The long-awaited day had finally arrived. At last ready, they all stood hand-in-hand in the living room. Then, almost as one, they sank to their knees and Jack offered a prayer of gratitude and a plea for success.

The meetinghouse was crowded with waiting families. Karen could see the children clustered together at the front of the hall. Many of them were already milling about, greeting old acquaintances and returning to their former foster parents. The new ones crowded together in a tight group, smaller children

clinging to the older ones.

The meeting began, and parents were introduced to children. One by one, shy girls and boys were enfolded into waiting arms. At last, Jack's name was called, and Karen felt her heart jump into her throat. Then the voice came again—"Serena Yazzi, these are your parents"—and a slender girl raised her head. "Would you come forward and take Serena, please?"

Karen followed Jack up the aisle.

Serena came slowly forward and stood awkwardly before them. Johnny could contain his excitement no longer, and with a shout designed for all to hear, he exclaimed, "This is my big sister!" He ran to her side, grasping her hand in his. Then looking up at the girl,

he whispered loudly, "I brought you a welcome home present." Digging into his pocket, he brought forth a handful of marbles. "I won them for you from my best friend," he declared proudly, as he held them out to her.

For a moment, the girl looked at him, fear and suspicion in her eyes; and then, with great relief, Karen saw a smile creep into the dark eyes and tug at the silent mouth. A small hand came forth and closed over the extended marbles, and a pact of friendship was sealed. The eyes then moved to Karen's face, waiting for a sign. With arms stretched wide and heart full of love and joy, Karen whispered, "Welcome home, my little girl." The sweet adventure had begun. ○

The LDS Scene



Brigham Young "Forest Farm" Home Restored

The "Forest Farm" home of Brigham Young—so named because of a grove of trees on the farm—has been restored by the Church as a visitors center. The white and pink home is located at 732 Ashton Avenue, some four miles southeast of downtown Salt Lake

City. At the farm, which originally covered an area of about one square mile, the first alfalfa was grown in the valley and experiments were conducted in growing mulberry trees and silkworms. President Young often spent three days a week at the farm.



All-Church Basketball Champions

More than 1,000 participants and 80 teams participated in the recent all-Church basketball championship games. The winners: Edgehill (Salt Lake City) 2nd Ward defeated Clearfield (Utah) 2nd Ward, 84-73, in the M Men division; Oak Hills (Provo, Utah) 5th Ward defeated Arlington (California) Ward, 60-56, in the Ensign division; and BYU 79th Ward defeated University of Utah 6th Ward, 76-66, in the college division. Winners of the sportsmanship award were: Baldwin Park (California), M Men division; Cedar City (Utah) 7th, Ensign division. Winners of the most valuable player awards were: Francis Nielson, Edgehill 2nd, M Men; Robert Dyer, BYU 79th, College; and Wayne Hintze, Oak Hills 5th, Ensign.



Awards in Sports Presented at BYU

Five well-known Latter-day Saint figures in sports recently received from Brigham Young University the David O. McKay award for athletic excellence. In addition, one of the five, Harmon Killebrew (above), the American League's most valuable baseball player of 1969, was awarded the exemplary manhood award. Brother Killebrew, infielder for the Minnesota Twins, has made several remarkable comebacks in his baseball career, and only he and Babe Ruth have ever hit 40 or more home runs for seven or more seasons. Other recipients of the David O. McKay award for athletic excellence were Gene Fullmer, former middleweight professional boxing champion of the world; Vernon Law, winner of the Cy Young award in 1960, when he was a pitcher for the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team; Billy Casper, professional golfing's golfer of the year in 1966 and 1968; and L. Jay Silvester, a world record holder in the discus.



College Superintendent
Dr. Orville D. Carnahan
of the Davenport (Iowa)
Ward has been appointed
superintendent of
Eastern Iowa Community
College at Davenport,
Iowa.



Federal Water Leader
W. Don Maughan of the
La Sierra (California) Ward
has been named
executive director of the

**Federal Water Resources
Council.** An engineer
who has spent 23 years
in water resources planning,
Brother Maughan is
also a source of inspiration
to all who know him: he
has been confined
to a wheelchair for 15 years
as a result of bulbar
poliomyelitis.



Cultural Center Chairman
Sister Alice Marriott of
the Chevy Chase (Maryland)
Ward has been
appointed by President
Richard M. Nixon as
chairman of the 58-member
advisory committee for
the John F. Kennedy
Center for the Performing
Arts. The committee will
advise the center's board
of trustees on cultural
activities.

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12. Discourses of Brigham Young	4.95
13. Gospel Doctrine—J. F. Smith	4.95
14. Art of Home Making—Hoole	4.25
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16. Documentary Hist. of Church 7 vols.	4.50 ea.
17. Discourses of Joseph Smith	4.95
18. Highlights in Life of Pres. McKay	4.95
19. Mormon Doctrine—McConkie	6.95
20. Book of Mormon Digest—Hawkes	4.50

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The Man I Remember Best

By George Durrant

• The ward into which we moved some months ago is rapidly winning its way into our hearts. I suppose the memory of the old ward that was so dear to us will fade as the experiences of the new ward become part of our lives. But I shall always remember the happiness we knew in the ward from which we just moved.

There were so many good people. We always felt our children were in the best classes in the Church, because we knew and loved their teachers. I was continually thrilled to sit with my fellow high priests under the direction of inspiring men. Our bishop was a pillar of strength to us, and we always had a genuine feeling that he loved us and most importantly that he wanted the very best for us.

But there was a man who lived in our ward, and it is he that I remember best. He came into our home often. When he came, he called each of our children by name and talked to them individually. He listened carefully to whatever they said. They knew he cared about them.

When our babies were blessed, he stood with me in the circle of priesthood men. As our children approached the age to be baptized, he talked to them about the importance of this great ordinance. As they went down into the waters, he was there as a witness and rejoiced with us. His hands were placed upon their heads along with mine as I confirmed them members of the

Church. When our oldest son became a deacon, this man came by to offer congratulations.

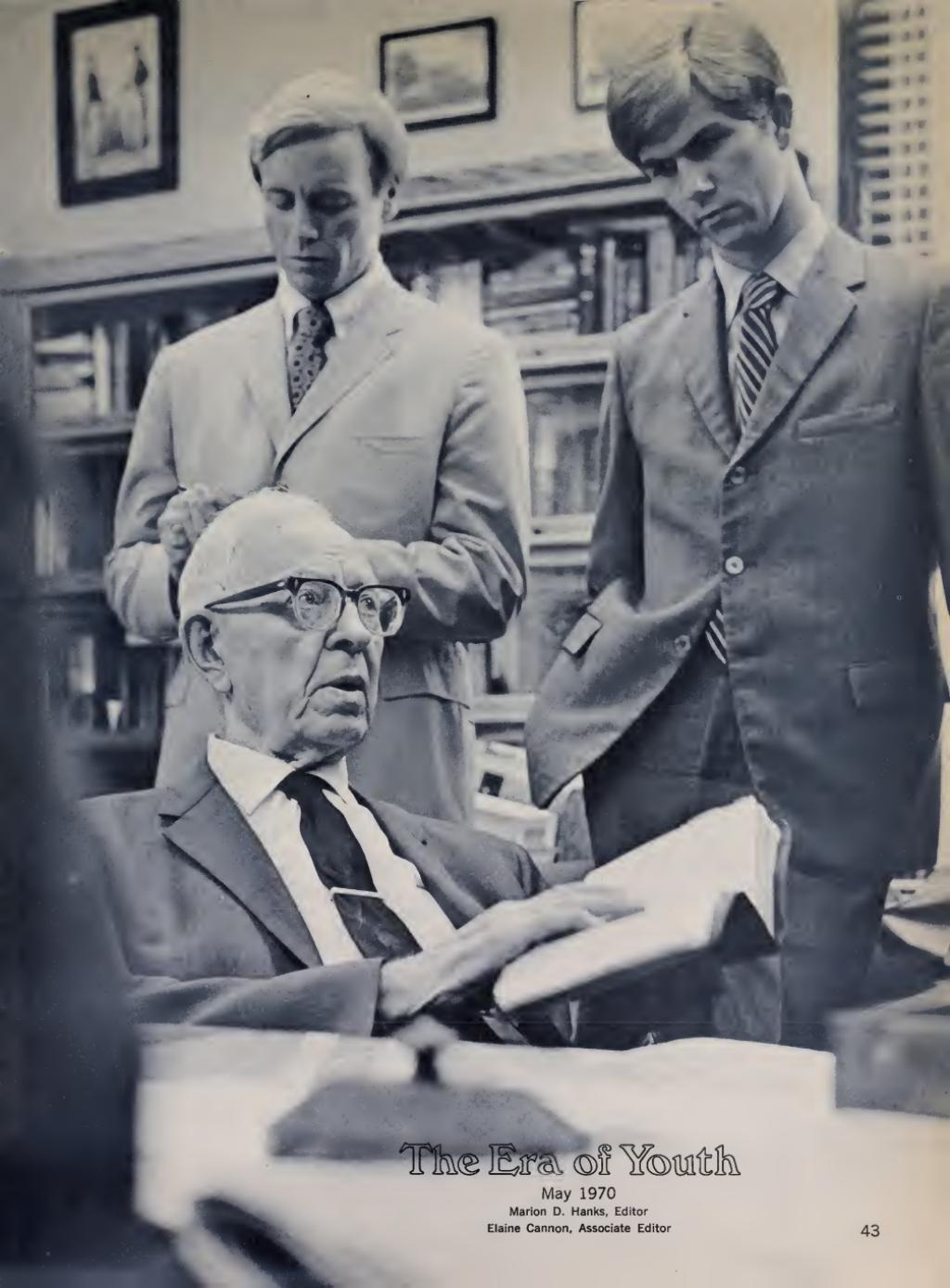
When I had to go out of town on business, he phoned my home each day to inquire about the well-being of my family. Each week as we entered the chapel, he sought us out and shook hands with us. Once when I was sick, he and another brother came to our house and administered to me. He often knelt with our family and prayed with us.

He never preached to us, although the way he listened to us made us want to do better. He wasn't known as a master teacher nor as a great scholar, but from and through him we felt strength and wisdom. He radiated a spirit that caused us to respect and to trust him. It wasn't what he said that influenced us as much as what he was.

When he came to see us, one of his two Aaronic Priesthood sons came with him. He loved his sons. Our children liked to have them come and talk about sports and swimming.

Before we moved, we had a picnic on our back lawn. He came with his family; he was our honored guest. He brought homemade ice cream with peaches in it. As we shook hands to say good-bye, tears came to the eyes of both of us.

Yes, I remember with fond memories our former ward. I remember so many of the people there. But the man I remember best was my home teacher. ○



The Era of Youth

May 1970

Marion D. Hanks, Editor

Elaine Cannon, Associate Editor

Preferred Men and a Prophet

Preferred men, they call them—preferred because among them they have all the qualities girls hope for. They represent the priesthood, the strength, the leadership, the security, the excitement, and the wisdom of the ideal boy. At Brigham Young University, a preferred man is honored at a banquet and a ball, and the sponsoring campus organization is proud when its man is presented at any key function.

One of the biggest honors these young men had was the opportunity of meeting with President Joseph Fielding Smith in his office. Sister Smith was present too, and with these two inspiring people the young men talked of eternal marriage, finding the right girls, and building the preferred life.

To help you know how such young men feel on a variety of subjects, we asked Carolyn Pearce of BYU to interview them.

What is your greatest source of motivation? Why?

R.Q.: Family home evening—mainly because those in my apartment are so close.

Tom: What other people think of me.

Joel: Memories of my mission and working at the Language Training Mission.

Rene: The fact that I am a Lamanite and very proud of my heritage.

What influence do you think your family has had on your position now?

Bill: They have always trusted me, especially my dad. [Bill was the first in his family to join the Church.]

Cam: My parents have given me a trust, have let me take the steps of becoming a part of the Church, and have supported me in it. [Cam's family are not members of the Church.]

Steve: They could always get me to do what they wanted me to do without telling me how to do it. They have set the example.

Tom: My dad's trust in me. My parents taught me the importance of prayer, which is very important to me.

What are your significant plans for the future?

Joe: To go on a mission and to fill my military obligation.

Mike: To finish my education and become a doctor. Temple marriage and family are important plans of my future.

Tom: I want to finish school, to go into law practice, and to work with the Indian people.

Joel: To get a station wagon and fill it with kids.

Rene: To go on a mission in September, then return to finish school. I want to get married in the temple and have lots of kids. I would like to work in the Church and be close to the Lord.

What influence has your mission had on your life?

[All those of age have been on missions, and several have served as assistants to their mission president. Those who have not been on missions have plans to serve in the future.]

Dave: The things I learned there have helped me fill my potential spiritually. [Dave was an assistant to the president of the Italian Mission.]

Joel: It has been the greatest influence in my life. It gave me the opportunity to change and

grow. [Joel was an assistant to the president of the Franco-Belgian Mission.]

Tom: I wrote all my letters in the form of a diary, and I can refer back to them any time and feel great. [Tom was assistant to the president of the Argentine Mission.]

Jack: I have a great desire to go on a mission. I hope I will be worthy to tell people about the gospel.

How would you describe your ideal girl?

Joe: She must have a sincere love for the gospel and the same goals as I.

Bill: She must be really dedicated to the Lord's work.

Cam: She must be willing to make the commitment in her life to live the principles of the gospel.

Steve: She has to be able to love the Lord and me, be full of enthusiasm, and support me in any calling that I may have in the Church.

Mike: A beautiful girl (based on my personal evaluation) is one who has a personality that radiates. This comes from living the gospel. She must be someone who would make me work to all my potential.

Joe: She would, of course, have to live for an eternal life. She would have to love me and I love her in return. She has to support me in everything.

Rene: My ideal girl is one with whom I can work together until we reach the point of being ideal to each other. She has to be a good mother, someone who has a desire for marriage in the temple for time and eternity, someone who loves me more than she loves herself. As for me, I will try to be the ideal man.

R.Q.: She must be complementary rather than competitive, and someone with a strong testimony.

Joel: The important factor that I am looking for in a wife is support. I need someone with whom I can communicate at

different levels. We must be able to work well together.

Tom: A man is nothing by himself—he is only half a person. I want someone who just loves me. She will have to be very worthy, love me very much, and be willing to support me in my

work and Church callings.

Dave: I'm looking for someone who really enjoys living, has a fine appearance, and is able to apply gospel principles. Together we can be a team in achievement, successful with a family and eternal life.



About the preferred men:

Rene Alba—Reared in Piedras Negras, Mexico; member of the Brigham Young University International Folk Dancers.

Steve Andersen—An honor student; has attended the Church College of Hawaii; president of the Spanish Club; vice-president of his dormitory; majoring in English with a Spanish minor.

Cam Caldwell—A 23-year-old senior English major from Park Ridge, Illinois; yell leader; student body vice-president of athletics.

Mike Cosgrave—Pre-medical student with a goal of being a pediatrician; Sunday School superintendent in BYU 91st Ward.

Tom Howard—Head yell leader; member of a capella choir and Cougar Club.

Joe Liljenquist—BYU football team kicker and defensive end; sophomore in anthropology.

Joel C. Peterson—From Madison, Wisconsin; honor student; member of Blue Key and Psi Chi.

Bill Shipp—Member of BYU fresh-

man baseball team; plans to finish his education in dentistry.

R. Q. Shupe—Working with the Language Training Mission in preparing lessons for South African missionaries; freshman class cabinet.

Dave Smith—Sunday School instructor in BYU 78th Ward; sophomore pre-medical student.

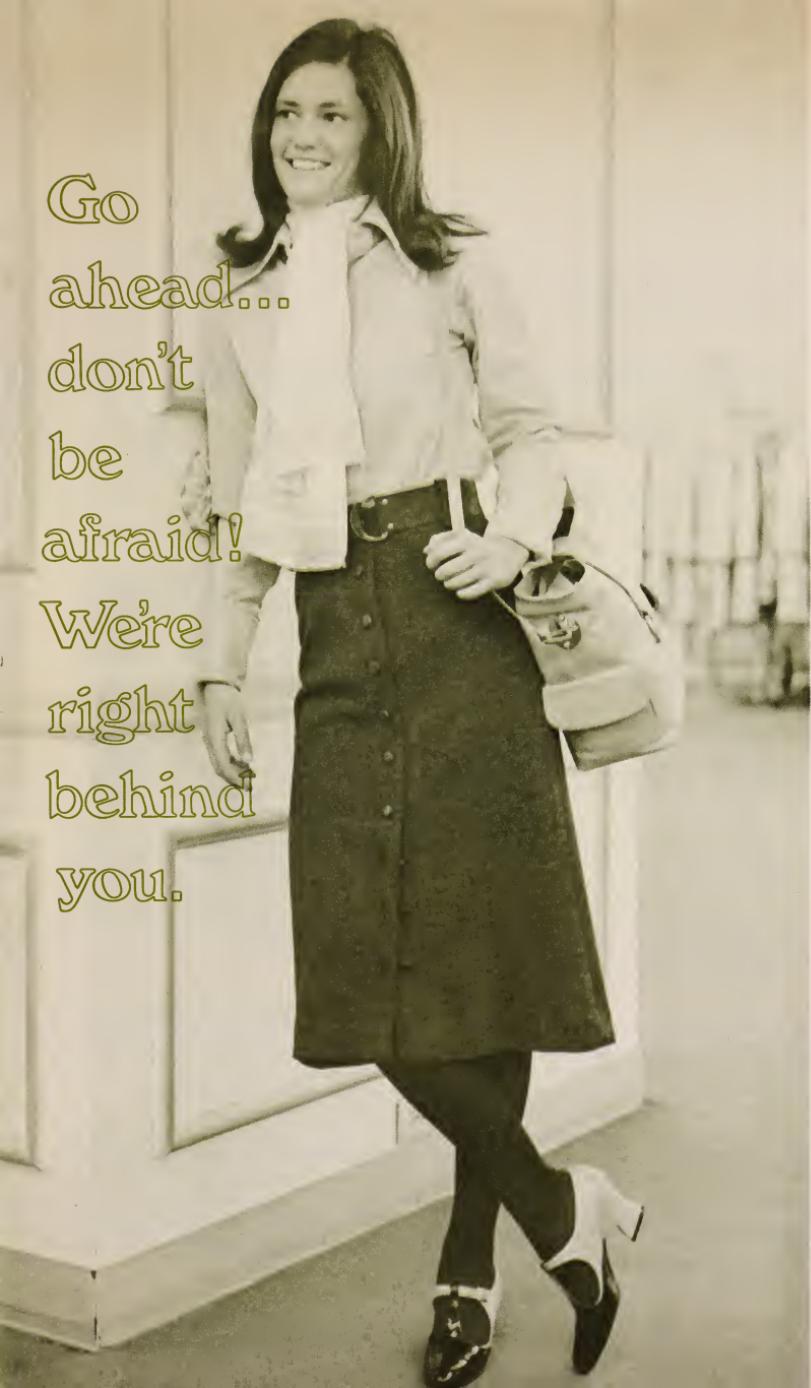
Jock Steed—David O. McKay Scholar; U.S. Senate Youth Program delegate and winner of a Hearst Foundation Scholarship; Honors Program student advisory council.

Everyone is talking about Longquette...

Below, left to right:
Ann Weidner, Allyson Clawson,
Becky Thayne, Rebecca
Marriott, Keri Peterson.
Opposite page: Wendy
Nelson.



Go
ahead...
don't
be
afraid!
We're
right
behind
you.



THEY TOO

● In an age when the "popular" thing to do has taken perhaps its most seductive form, it is refreshing and highly invigorating to note the examples of young people who are ready, even eager, to stand and be counted for their convictions. The persistent flaunting before the eyes of youth of the so-called desirability of alcohol, drugs, and narcotics as a means of "escape to freedom" is unquestionably taking heavy toll. It requires constant alertness and discernment to understand these enticements for what they are, plus strength of character and the courage of conviction to withstand them.

Do the principles of the gospel supply the directions to achieve these requirements? Is Mormonism a truly practical, livable way of life? Or is it merely a naive set of Pollyanna-ish standards of idealism?

One young man has found the answer. And like Paul of old he has been unafraid to be counted. ". . . I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation." (Rom. 1:16.)

A recent issue of *Mustang Daily*, student newspaper of California Polytechnic College, carried as its lead on the front page an article with a banner headline: "Drinkers—Campus Majority." It began thus:

"In the world today, there has been a change of emphasis in the attitude held on the college campus concerning the student and alcohol.

"The drinking of liquor is well established.

"Where the problem lies for many students is how does the non-drinker find social acceptance in a drinking environment?

"It's a pretty sad individual who doesn't drink.

He's either weird or has some weird religious affiliations," said George Queen, junior physics major and part-time bartender."

The article found, as a result of interviews with faculty and students, that drinking is accepted and predominates among students, even minors. It stated, "In a drug-oriented society, students are encouraged toward drinking. If one can't sleep, take a pill. Trouble getting up? Take a pill. Television commercials encourage this attitude. Drinking provides a means for social interaction by helping the individual to drop the mask that he carries."

The article was too much for one student, a senior in business administration. George B. Harmon, former missionary to Scotland, who is majoring in the graphic arts and will be graduated this spring, promptly wrote the editor. He soon found his letter published on the editorial page:

"Editor:

"My comments are directed to Mr. George Queen whose opinion was stated in the article 'Drinkers—Campus Majority.' He was quoted as saying, 'It's a pretty sad individual who doesn't drink. He's either weird or has some weird religious affiliation.'

"Those are pretty strong words. I don't drink, and I'm far from sad. My religion teaches against drinking and I don't think that's weird at all. It's just good, common sense. I am a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (Mormon) and this organization, along with many other religious organizations, teaches against alcohol because it is bad for the body.

K A STAND!

"This is not the only reason I don't drink. Even if it wasn't against my religion, it is against my judgment. I have lived long enough and been around enough to see the effects alcohol has on people. I served as a missionary for my church in Scotland for two years, and I'm sure that most people know how the Scotsman loves his pint. I have seen what drink has done both to individuals and families and the detrimental effects it can have on a person's life. I challenge Mr. Queen to document any great achievement that has come about as the direct result of man's using alcohol.

"I work part time for the local ambulance company, and in over three years on the job there I have cleaned up many a nasty accident that was the result of the drinking driver, and believe me, it is not a pretty picture.

"I don't drink because I know it won't do me any good. Yet I can go to parties, dinners, and banquets with my friends and associates who do drink, and have just as good a time. And I dare say they have a little respect for me. I know this because people have told me so.

"Skid Row in San Francisco and the skid rows of any city would be minus many people if they just hadn't taken that first drink. I, for one, don't want to end up on Skid Row. My life is too precious for that.

"I'm glad I don't have to rely on alcohol as a crutch to escape the realities of life. I love life—even with all its problems.

"George B. Harmon"

Lynn Pope, a high school student from Georgia, wrote the following letter to her Congressman, who was so impressed that he inserted a copy of her letter into the United States Congressional Record.

"Dear Congressman Blackburn,

"I just finished reading the February 5 issue of U.S. News and World Report, and I found an article, 'New Decisions on Prayer and Anarchy,' quite disgusting. . . .

"Years ago, when Pilgrims came to America, they thanked God for this wonderful and prosperous land. George Washington prayed to God for guidance to lead the nation in the right way. . . . Men have built this country, stood for it, and died for it, and we are slowly tearing it down. This great country is truly God-given, and we should be thankful for our rights as citizens in a great country, but we are not. We continue protesting and asking for more freedom and burning draft cards and flags, and we are destroying the nation men have lived and died to build.

"Is Congress really going to take 'In God We Trust' off the U.S. money? Is the word God going to be taken from the pledge of allegiance, out of school books, and out of important U.S. addresses?

". . . How can we learn history in school without learning about the God who began this history? How can a nation exist without a God to help it? How can God help us if we do not even recognize him? . . .

"Sincerely,

"Lynn Pope, Gordon High School"



We're Soaring

• Matt Arnold, Air Explorer, hesitatingly reached for the red ball towline release knob and gave it a firm pull. "Twang!" The sound of the nylon towline releasing from the big sailplane startled him into a full, alert condition. WOW! It seemed as if the big Schweizer 2-22E two-place sailplane had come to an abrupt stop in the air! All Matt could hear was the wind whistling by the canopy and through the wings. The tow plane had peeled off to the left and was far below.

The view of the Southern California desert and mountains was breathtaking in the early morning sun. Matt felt his instructor's hands rest on his shoulders.

"OK, Matt, you've got it," he said.
"Man! This is out of sight!"

For Matt, this was the climax of months of busy activity to prepare for these joyous moments of flight. With verbal instructions he handled the controls smoothly, doing coordinated turns and seeking a thermal for lift. Too soon it came time to return to the sailplane field. He was instructed to pull the spring-loaded spoiler control to lose altitude quickly and smoothly for a landing approach.

"That's good, Matt! A little more left rudder. Hold it! You've got a perfect glide path for landing right down the middle of the runway," said his instructor.

"Golly!" thought Matt. "Is flying a sailplane really this easy? Man, this is for me!"

His instructor took over the controls a few feet in the air and brought the big red and white sailplane to a smooth, easy stop at the end of the landing rollout.

Like 45 other Air Explorers (Boy Scouts of America), Matt Arnold of Canoga Park, California, was visiting the Great Western Soaring School at Pearblossom. The nearby mountains and desert provide ideal sailplane soaring conditions all year 'round, and the day set aside at the facility for the boys, ages 14-17, to fly sailplanes had finally come.

How the time had flown by! It had been just a month since a full-fledged Air Explorer program, under the direction of the MIA and the Boy Scouts of America, had been initiated in Canoga Park Stake. Matt and his buddies had built sailplane models, studied hand signals for sailplanes, made plans, and

Chuck Mitchell, pilot, assists John Nielson of Canoga Park Second Ward into the cockpit of J3 Cub restored by Nick Stasinos for a flight.



As you can see, these air Explorers can hardly wait to become airborne. They are shown "foolin' around" on a World War II B-26 bomber.



worked hard to make this event a reality.

Matt couldn't help teasing Richard Torgerson about how much he looked like Smilin' Jack, the legendary comic strip pilot. Rich looked really sharp in his air force blue coveralls, silver wings, baseball cap, and white silk scarf. Matt tried another approach to get Rich's attention.

"Wow! Wait'll the girls see you!" he yelled loudly and clearly for all to hear.

How did it all begin? As an idea in the mind of Floyd E. Weston of the Canoga Park Stake presidency, who with Garth Frazier, Scout director, and Mike Riedel of the YMMAIA stake board drafted the outline for this dynamic Air Explorer program. It is divided into five phases: (1) sailplanes, flight fundamentals; (2) powered aircraft, U-control model airplanes; (3) aerospace and

aviation careers, radio-control model airplanes; (4) building a full-size aircraft under EAA supervision; (5) flight training and proficiency (FAA supervised).

Special flying events and field trips are scheduled in the near future. A special historic aircraft fly-in is also planned with the Air Explorers as guests of honor.

The boys will build free flight, U-control, and radio control model airplanes. Thousands of dollars worth of equipment has already been donated for this program by manufacturers. They will also build a full-size homebuilt aircraft, which will be flown and exhibited at Southern California air shows.

Numerous other field trips to airline facilities and aircraft factories are also in the planning stages. To date the group is booked up for a full year of

activities oriented to aviation-aerospace.

This Explorer squadron has 45 boys participating. Attendance has jumped from 10 percent to 90 percent since the introduction of the program and is steadily growing. Under the able direction of Explorer and Ensign advisers Dave Arnold, Fred Nielson, Jim Granger, and Tom Baker, a successful program is being implemented.

The objective of the program is to develop a testimony in the heart of each boy and to prepare him for the opportunities offered to him in the space-age world of tomorrow. Observers feel that a boy involved in this program will be a credit to his family, church, and nation. It takes lots of hard work to keep them flying, but when you see the expressions on the boys' faces when they become airborne, you know it was well worth the effort. They're really off to a flying start! ○



Qualified FAA certified instructors put these boys through their paces.

Volmer Jensen, designer and builder of the amphibian aircraft in the background, is instructing these air Explorers.





Each air Explorer flew his sailplane upon verbal instructions from his instructor. The instructor, upon the release from the tow plane, placed his hands on the boy's shoulders to let him know that he was in complete control of the big sailplane.

Steve Baker of Woodland Hills Ward gets a briefing by his sailplane instructor prior to tow-off.





The Presiding Bishop
Talks to Parents About

Communication

By Bishop John H. Vandenberg

● "... inasmuch as parents have children in Zion . . . that teach them not to understand the doctrine of repentance, faith in Christ the Son of the living God, and of baptism and the gift of the Holy Ghost . . . the sin be upon the heads of the parents. . . .

"And they shall also teach their children to pray, and to walk up-

rightly before the Lord." (D&C 68:25, 28.)

How do parents teach their children these great truths? By loving them and setting the proper example. One of the basic needs of all is to be accepted. Parents of an erring youth must first accept him as a child of God and love him as a person before they can

effectively teach the doctrine of repentance, or faith and prayer, or walking uprightly before the Lord. The doctrine of repentance, for instance, is not taught by harshly judging and rejecting youth when they make mistakes.

Although parents and children love one another, they may fall into the habit of not really com-

municating. Teen-agers, in striving for independence, may turn away from parents. Every opportunity to build communication should therefore be used.

For example, one father expressed his appreciation for the daily morning drive with his son to deliver papers, because of the avenues of communication that were opened up in the close confines of the family car. Another father leaves his car at home on Sunday morning so he and his son may enjoy the brisk walk to church and the casual conversation that brings about a closer understanding between them.

Most parents truly love their children. When they criticize and judge them, they do it "for their own good." Teen-agers often claim they don't talk to their parents because they have come to expect to be criticized. Thus, they protect themselves by saying only what they think their parents want to hear, keeping their real feelings to themselves.

Many families lose the opportunity for communication by spending their spare time watching television. The members of a family can watch television together, but unless the program calls for reaction and discussion, each person might as well be watching the program alone.

Some families have developed the custom of using the dinner hour as the best time for communicating. The conversation is skillfully guided by the parents asking thought-provoking questions. The period becomes one of learning and enjoyment for all members of the family, eliminating the bickering that sometimes exists at the table.

Although parents generally realize their responsibility to teach their children, they sometimes feel inadequate. Their greatest source

of strength, of course, is their Heavenly Father. They need to love and respect themselves as children of God and, indeed, as partners with God in raising his children. They were considered worthy to be parents in this dispensation. Otherwise the opportunity would not be theirs.

During a recent interview with his bishop, a boy expressed his resentment at "being told to do everything." He said he'd rather do things on his own. With skillful questioning, the bishop learned that the boy resented being urged by his mother to get up on Sunday morning to go to priesthood meeting and to attend other church meetings. Further discussion revealed that the basis of his resentment was that his mother didn't go. Having married a non-member, she possibly felt that she was maintaining a better relationship with her husband by not attending her meetings. At the same time, she was aware that her teen-age children needed the religious training she had had in her own youth. Her efforts were meeting with rebellion. It was apparent that what the boy needed and wanted was to have his mother set the example by going to church.

Jesus said, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." In order to love others, we must love ourselves. In order to love ourselves, we must accept ourselves as we are, not as we wish we were. We cannot influence our children by pretending to be other than we are. Young people are not fooled. They know us for what we are. Our accepting our own imperfections and working to overcome them will open the lines of communication with youth much more effectively than will living in the dream world of pretended perfection.

The Savior said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." (Matt.

7:1.) Stephen R. Covey, a Latter-day educator, has warned, "It is not only immoral to judge, but we are absolutely incompetent to do so without total understanding of the many factors that help to formulate a person's point of view."

Youth who feel they are unfairly judged and rejected often react with aggression, hostility, and resentment. Such an attitude leaves no room for constructive change. The door of communication is closed, for they only open it to those whom they trust not to betray them.

It is not surprising, then, that young people sometimes find it easier to express their true feelings to associates of their own age rather than to their parents. Their contemporaries may be struggling with the same problems, and it is on this common ground that they expect to be understood. On the other hand, it is difficult for youth to realize that parents also may have struggled with similar problems.

A young man, confused and disoriented after experimenting with drugs, recently took his own life, leaving behind a tape recording in which he expressed his feelings with astonishing clarity. Had he been able to express himself as well to his parents or others who loved him, his life might have been spared.

Parents and leaders can do no greater service than to learn and practice the skills of communicating with youth, even though it may sometimes be a difficult process. It is difficult to open lines of communication with teen-agers without effective contact having been made in earlier years.

All of us are busy, but let's not be too busy for the most important task of building good relationships with our children. ○

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Listen for Spring

By Nonée Nolan

*Is there a song life sings
As it flows
Out of the unseen into the seen?
Is there a sound grass makes as
it grows?
Is there a music of things
Turning green?
Does growing ring out
Like a belfry of bells?
Roots, as you wake in your un-
derground cells,*

*Do you all shout?
Uncurling leaves and small un-
bound
Buds, do you cry from your out-
stretched throats?
Flowers, are your petals shaped
like notes?
Day, are you drums? Sun, are
you sound?
Oh, winter's children, listen for
spring!
It is not only the birds that sing;
You are yourself life's trumpet-
ing.*

**The
Spoken Word**

"The Spoken Word" from Temple Square, presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System February 22, 1970. ©1970.

If everyone must watch everyone

By Richard L. Evans

There is a simple, old-fashioned subject that is urgently essential, and that is this: simple honesty. There is no credit, no contract, no transaction, no situation that is safe without the element of honesty. If no one does what he says he will do, no one could count on anything. If everyone has to worry about every property, every possession—watch it, guard it, almost sit on it in a sense, in trying to hold what he has—the world wouldn't run, and life would approach the impossible. Nobody can watch everybody all the time. Nobody can watch anybody all the time. No one can stay awake all the time. No one has the time, the strength, the ability to protect himself against all forms of deception and deceit. No one can know enough in all things always to make safe decisions. We have to trust the physician for his prescription, the pharmacist who fills it, the person who makes things, who sells things and certifies that they are of a certain kind and quality. Few of us, for example, could buy a diamond and know what it was worth. We have to trust someone. If we can't find a package where we put it; if goods disappear from the shelves; if a car on the street isn't safe; if expense accounts are padded; if we can't leave a piece of equipment with someone to repair, and know he will do only what is needed, and charge only what is fair; if people increasingly deal in deception, there will be less and less peace and progress. Beyond the boldness of robbery, of burglary and embezzlement, any deception is dishonest: overcharging, getting paid for what we haven't done, taking what isn't ours, saying what isn't so, pretending what we aren't, reporting what we haven't done. In short, if everyone must watch everyone, if no one can trust anyone, there is no safety, no assurance. If it isn't true, don't say it. If it isn't right, don't do it. If it isn't yours, don't take it. If it belongs to someone else, return it. Honesty is not only the best policy, but a principle, and an absolute essential for the good and happy living of life.

Portrait of a Prophet



• In these latter days a prophet of God said, "No one can preside over this Church without first being in tune with the head of the Church, our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. He is our head. This is his church."

The motion picture *Portrait of a Prophet* is about that prophet, David Oman McKay.

In retelling the story of the life and dedicated service of President McKay, the film takes us back to his birthplace, Huntsville, Utah, more than 20 years before Utah became a state. Through the use of still photographs and motion picture sequences, we then follow his life through boyhood, education, mission to Scotland, and his courtship with his young sweetheart, Emma Rae Riggs. We learn of his years in service in public education and in the highest councils of

the Church. In the film the calendar is turned to the year 1951 to permit us to be with President McKay during his first general conference as the ninth President of the Church. Of special significance are the occasions when we are privileged to be with him as he bears his testimony from the pulpit of the Salt Lake Tabernacle.

Portrait of a Prophet is a rich and moving experience for all who view it. As a special feature of a class, meeting, or fireside, it may provide Latter-day Saints of all ages with the opportunity of becoming more intimately acquainted with a President of their church. Highlighting a chapel open house or special meeting, it can help missionaries teach investigators. The film may be ordered through Brigham Young University or any Church film library.

Black and White—28 minutes

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UNSELFISH? One of the first things he or she will learn with us is that a united team effort means more fun for everyone.

SKILLED? Your youngster can choose from many activities including: nature study, building bridges, basic survival, pack packing, overnight camping, cooking outdoors, first aid, softball, target shooting, approved riding instruction, light rodeo skills and lots more.

HEALTHY? Physical fitness is a watchword at Great Western Youth Ranches. Every child learns what he needs to know to get into excellent condition—and stay in condition even after he goes home.

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Freda Joan Jensen Lee A Promise Fulfilled

By Mabel Jones Gabbott

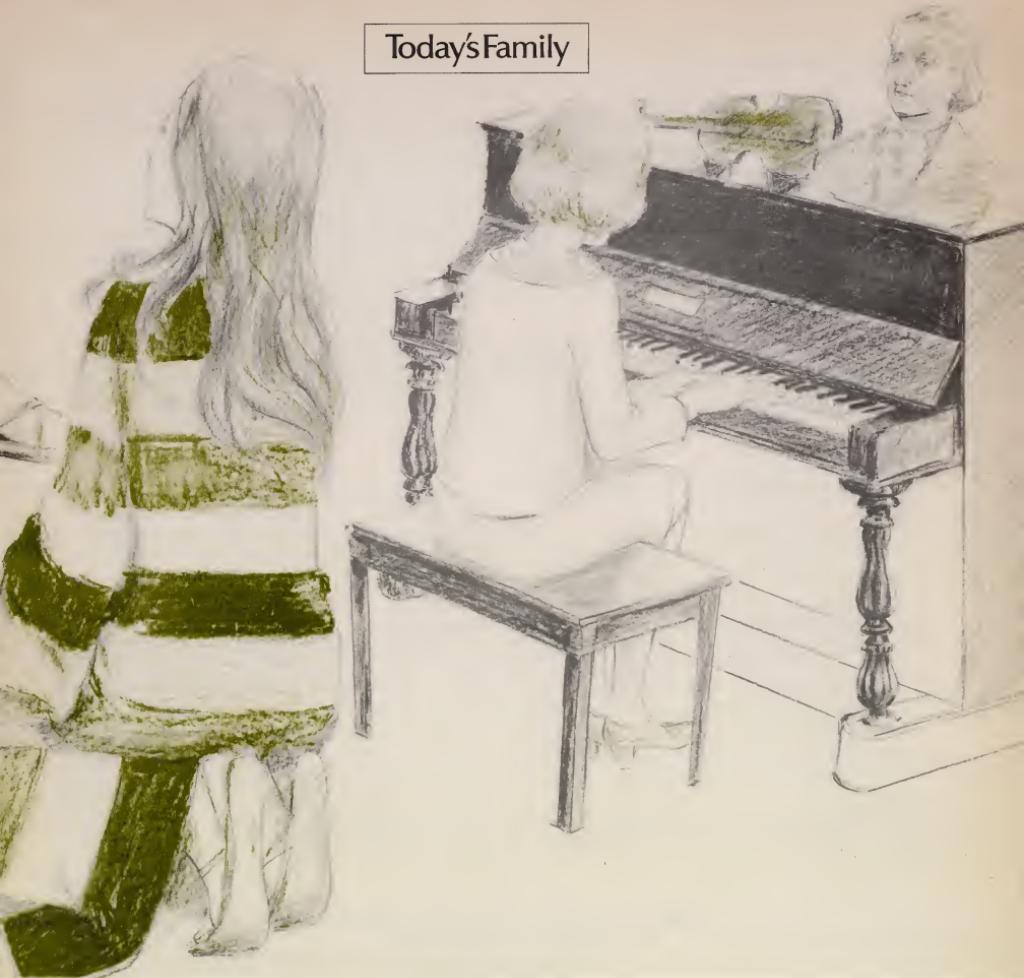
Manuscript Editor

Illustrated by Peggy Hawkins

● "I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise." (D&C 82:10.) She read the words slowly, savoring the meaning of each one. Then she paused and said, "Oh, how true that is! How true!"

Mrs. Harold B. Lee, wife of the first counselor in the First Presidency of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, sat on the long white divan, poised and composed in blue and white wool.

Quiet and unassuming, gracious in every word and movement is Freda Joan Jensen, who was married to Elder Lee on June 17, 1963. Their home speaks refinement and culture, reflecting the enjoyment they share in reading and studying, in music and art. Sister Lee pointed with loving pride to the grand piano, which, she said, was waiting, wrapped in cellophane and a big red satin bow, when they returned home from a trip following their marriage—a special



wedding gift for her from Elder Lee.

Both Brother and Sister Lee enjoy playing the piano. "Music has done much in our church to teach the gospel," said Sister Lee, "and in our Mormon music are some lovely songs that will live forever." At the centennial YWMIA conference in June 1969, Sister Lee was honored with a gold plaque for her great contribution to the music of the youth of the Church.

Music has always been a part of Sister Lee's life.

Lessons began for her almost as early as her formal schooling. She studied piano with Professor Clair Reid at seven years of age, and later with Professor Anthony C. Lund of the Brigham Young University. Her love of music grew with every year, and today her repertoire extends from the familiar strains of "Estrellita," her mother's favorite song, through some popular and many classical pieces, with Chopin always her favorite.

Sister Lee recalled her childhood home in Provo, Utah, where stalwart Latter-day Saint parents built love and literature, music and sharing of good things into secure family patterns. Her father, Julius Jensen, an excellent jeweler who brought his skills to America from the old country, had been a sea captain, and he delighted the children with his stories and knowledge of the geography of the world.

From her mother, Christine H. Thuesen Jensen, Freda Joan learned homemaking arts and womanly graces and the blessing of unselfish giving. "How many rice puddings and apple pies I have taken to neighbors and ward members," she said.

Sharing this happy childhood with her sister Edna (Mrs. Gerald Cazier) and her brother, Franklin J. D. Jensen, Freda Joan came to value her mother's oft-spoken words, "Keep close to the Lord."

As we talked, the telephone rang and the doorbell buzzed. I followed Sister Lee into the kitchen, where she checked the beef stew, Elder Lee's favorite dish, that bubbled invitingly, simmering slowly for a late dinner.

She remembered the story of Martha and Mary and the visit of Jesus to their home. Martha was "cumbered about much serving," but Mary sat at the feet of Jesus and listened to his words. Sister Lee remembered that even as Jesus loved Martha, he said that Mary had chosen "that good part." (See Luke 10:40-42.) She added, "I often ask myself, Am I a Martha or a Mary? I wonder how many of us are housekeepers or homemakers. Do we get bogged down in mundane things of life, or do we remember the 'good part' chosen by Mary? Do we ask ourselves, What does my home do to the people who live in it? rather than How do my house and yard look to the people who see them? Are we building for eternity? Is there spiritual depth in place of materialism? Do we

take time to listen to our loved ones? What a privilege is theirs who mold the lives of little children!"

When she was a young girl, Freda Joan's plans for early marriage came to a tragic end, but her love found expression in the home she made for a foster daughter, Geniel (Mrs. Don Rasmussen), and in her association with a young niece, Geraldine (Mrs. Louis H. Callister). The selflessness of the love Sister Lee feels for all people reaches out to the old as well as to the young. For example, she remembers with flowers, a card, and a phone call the 92-year-old mother of a fellow Primary general board member. "I know what it means to them," she said. This thoughtfulness was reflected in the loving care she gave to her stepfather, Patriarch William D. Kubre, in his later years. And with her marriage to President Lee, this love has been extended to his daughters, Helen (Mrs. L. Brent Goates) and Maurine Wilkins (deceased), and to his grandchildren.

Speaking of her work with children, Elder Lee said: "She has the key that unlocks many a child's heart. She has the ability to teach the teacher this secret. Her conversation with a child is a beautiful thing to hear. Her skill and understanding are born of a lifetime of knowledge and application of child psychology. She is constantly reaching out to the child who is not understood."

Freda Joan Lee's ability to remember people and their names and her subtle but keen sense of humor are remarkable qualities remembered with delight by those who know her.

After receiving her degree in education from Brigham Young University, Sister Lee taught school in the elementary grades before becoming director of elementary education in the Jordan School District. She later did graduate work at the University of Utah, the University of California, and Columbia University.

No Trade Name, Hallmark, or Imprimatur Will Ever Equal This

By Evalyn M. Sandberg

*Five prior generations of the faithful
have left me no mementos of the past,
no cameo-crowned soup tureen of Wedgwood
nor sturdy copper cup designed to last.*

*And yet my gratitude to them is boundless.
They have endowed me with a thing more real,
have handed on a dearly won possession:
a plan upon which God has set his seal.*

*This way of life exchanges hope for heartache
and faith for fear, thus strengthening the stride,
so that, wherever I go, I feel assurance
that life has purpose, and that order will abide.*

*And, lest pride stiffen me and make me stumble,
I'll hold the bequest close and keep it bright—
preserved intact for those who shall come after—
to pass along, as a good steward might.*

She was instructor during summer sessions at the University of Nevada, the University of Utah, and Brigham Young University. Her excellence in her position and in her relationships with teachers and supervisors has brought to her signal honors in the field of education. She has been president of the Utah Association for Childhood Education International and of the Utah State Elementary Supervisors Organization, and a member of the Association of Supervision and Curriculum Development, the State School Music Curriculum Committee, and the Women's Legislative Council, acting on the education committee. She is also a member of Soroptimist Club and Phi Kappa Phi and a state founder and life member of Delta Kappa Gamma.

As a teacher of children and a supervisor of teachers of children, Freda Joan J. Lee believes that the teacher who knows and cares about the little ones is the teacher who will reach them and teach them.

"In these precious growing-up years," she said, "we need to insure that our children are not bankrupt in things of the spirit. If we care enough, we can work wonders."

Sister Lee has given to teachers and children, as she does to everyone, of her time and herself, believing that one should keep giving as long as God keeps giving to you.

Her knowledge and her understanding have given dimension to her great contribution to the youth and young people of the Church as she has served them on both the YWMIA and Primary general boards. Keeping always in mind the perspective of the plan of life and the promise of the Lord that he is bound when his people keep his law, Sister Lee could say to young people throughout the world: "Don't live for yourself. If you do, you will be the loneliest person in the world. Be willing to strive to become a part of something much bigger than you are. Be willing to serve. Keep close to your church and your God. You cannot control your lifespan, but you can control what goes into your day-to-day living. You can give breadth, width, and depth to your own life."

A neighbor came; Sister Lee had promised to go with her to visit an elderly sister to take her some words of comfort. The graciousness of this wonderful woman and her beautiful home reached out to me, and I said, hesitantly, as I was leaving: "I am so glad to have talked with you. You know, years ago President Lee married me—" Before I could say more, she said quietly, almost breathlessly, "He married me, too." And I understood the great undertones of meaning in the words she quoted: ". . . all his promises shall be fulfilled."

The Spoken Word

"The Spoken Word" from Temple Square, presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System March 8, 1970. ©1970.

Until it was tested

By Richard L. Evans

There is an interesting observation from a person who acquired some equipment, which looked good until he tried to use it for the purpose for which it was purchased—and then it wouldn't work. "The failure," he said, "was discovered only when it was required to perform."¹ That is a very incisive sentence. In other words, it looked good—until it was tested. Many theories look good until they are tested. Many people look good until they are tested. Many seem trustworthy until they are tested. Every borrower promises to pay. With every bride and groom there is an implied promise of faithfulness, love, and loyalty. People, principles, philosophies, theories, beliefs, convictions, all promise, in a sense, to solve problems, to stand the test. But then comes the testing time: accidents, illness, old age, death, the loss of a loved one; unhappiness, depression, some tragedy, some trouble, some temptation—and then we find how workable or unworkable they are—how functional are our philosophies. Any rope will hold when there is no weight on it—but we need to know what we can count on when the weight is heavy, when sorrows and temptations and counter purposes are pulling hard against us. We need moral and spiritual resources that will hold tight when the test comes. It is tragic to see someone carrying around a fragile philosophy that doesn't sustain him under such circumstances. And it is tragic to see those who would destroy a sustaining faith, and put nothing in its place. "Some day, in the years to come," said Phillips Brooks, "you will be wrestling with the great temptation, or trembling under the great sorrow of your life. But the real struggle is here, now . . . now it is being decided whether, in the day of your supreme sorrow or temptation, you shall miserably fail or gloriously conquer. Character cannot be made except by a steady, long continued process." Thank God for the old and proved principles of faith, work, morality, industry, honesty—for principles that prove themselves when they are tested—when they are required to perform.

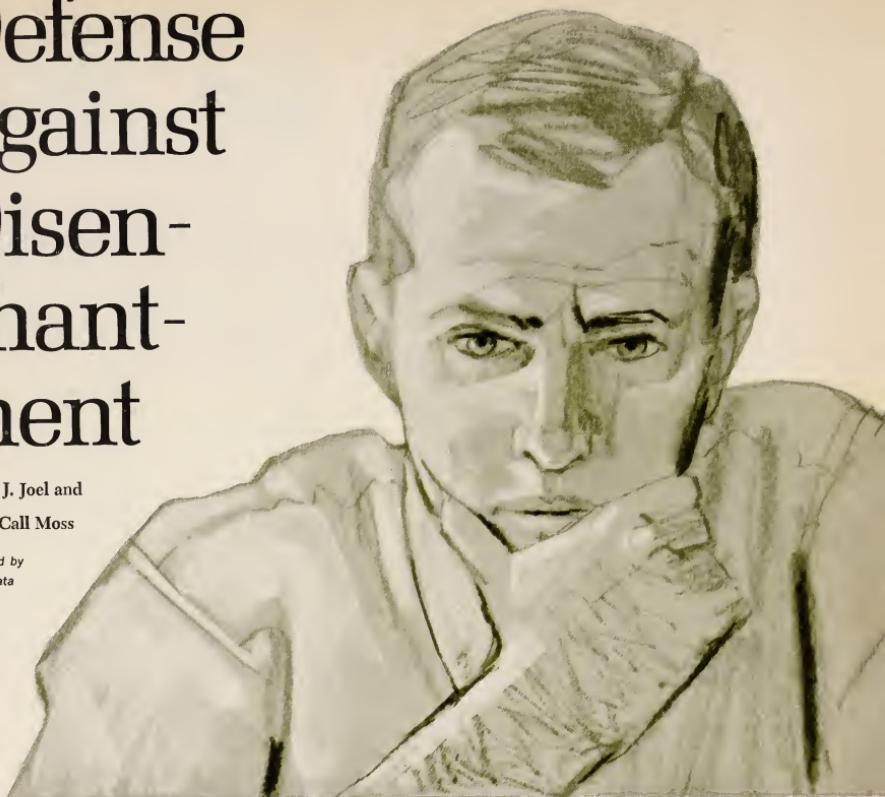
Joe E. Whitesides, "Repair Through Resolution."



Defense Against Disenchantment

By Dr. J. Joel and
Audra Call Moss

Illustrated by
Ted Nagata



● "Any fool can fall in love." But to stay in love—that is something else. Divorce takes its greatest toll within the first five years of marriage—within five years of the time when a couple is at a peak of emotional bliss. For divorce to occur so quickly, feelings would have to tumble a long way down.

Does the tumbling experience happen only to those who divorce? Evidence from the lives of married couples says no. All couples have to face some storms of reality.

Does the tumbling action occur

only in those early years, and if successfully weathered, is the quality of marriage guaranteed for the future? Again, the answer as seen in the lives of married couples seems to be no. The weathering experience may increase ability to meet future demands but it gives no assurance that further reality shocks will not have to be faced.

When we marry, we enter a world that we have idealized, one that is part real and part fantasy. Enchantment with the idea of marriage is one of the most powerful

forces pushing us toward the marriage altar. Idealization of a mate helps us set aside the present little bothers we find in our relationship. Thus, we may well enter marriage, as one writer has suggested, filled with "passionate kindness"—a kindness that enlarges our patience, tempers our emotions, and gives the mate temporarily the forgiveness of "seventy times seven."

How long does such wedded bliss last? Apparently only until one or both mates fall from the pedestals on which they have been placed.



Such falls mark the beginning of the disenchantment process, which many observers say will continue throughout the marriage. Courtship involves two people who are partly creations of the mind. Marriage builds eventually around two people who are real. To be able to still maintain the feeling that one's partner is extra special after reality sets in distinguishes the marriage that has passed beyond love's enchantment to a richer existence.

How, then, do we defend ourselves against the possible ravages

of disenchantment and better assure movement toward this richer form of love relationship?

There has probably been no society in which more emphasis has been placed on the partner relationship—its dignity, richness, satisfaction, and joy. With whatever else it brought us, the emancipation of woman opened the doors for such an idea.

With this companionship ideal came an enlarging of the ideal of romance. Romance, as seen in our society, refers to the development

of passionate feelings between people. As the years have freed woman, so have they opened the door for more forthright expression of feelings. We have so glamorized romance that people look for it to happen in their lives. Is it any wonder, then, that one can become enchanted with another person? Our world conditions us to expect romance and, by looking for it, we may create it where it is not. As the saying goes, "The wish is the father of the deed." When disagreements come before marriage,

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it is possible that one may tend to reject himself for having negative feelings rather than to reject the other person. After all, as we are led to believe, marriage, the great companionship medium, will take care of all!

But don't mistake this more shallow aspect of romance for that which has more depth. Intensity of physical attraction may be felt, contact comfort may be desired and gained; but even deeper bonds between people can also emerge. These deeper bonds have their roots in the tenderness or, as we might further call it, the spiritual expressions of one another.

Sometimes young people do get enough reality shocks before marriage that they begin to see the difference between the physically exciting and the tender romance. They begin early to see the price of time and effort that must be paid to support that tenderness. They may begin to understand and appreciate it so much that they refuse to let other things take precedence. Thus, they build their defense against disenchantment.

However, many others do not get these early reality shocks or will not let them into their world before marriage. They get caught up in dreams and are supported therein by a world of romantic symbols through television, radio, movies, and magazines. They may lack the personal habits for problem solving that allow them to turn the reality gale into an opportune breeze for their marriage sails.

Men's ideas shift back to reality faster than do those of women. It may be because women are more idealistic than men. It may be because the occupational world makes man more quickly a realist. It may be that he finds he is not as free as he was or that he lives in competing worlds, whereas she tends to live in one—the home. It may be

for other reasons, including the fact that he has won what he sought—her hand—so he does not feel as responsible as his initial campaign promises implied, especially when he now fully realizes that he has another mouth to feed, another body to clothe, and that he must compete among men who are no longer dallying in education or life but are aggressively reaching for a desired level of success.

When children arrive, this new influence exerts pressure upon the marriage. It is reported in some statistics that the coming of the first child cuts the husband-wife conversation in half. Of the half that is left, a good part is given over to a delightful new form of business talk—the price of baby's snowsuit, a forthcoming tonsilectomy, or his first step. With succeeding children, conversation demands increase in the area of rearing children, and often the personalized husband-wife interchange is minimized. The need is still there, but it may be pushed aside, since it seems weakness to yield to the needs of the partners at the expense of some child-rearing demands. It is surprising how many wives comment on how much they would love to have a pleasant conversational interchange with their husbands on any subject but children, money, or job.

"It's natural enough," said one woman, "that courting couples should want to be alone, but when a married couple want to break away from the group and go off by themselves, it seems odd. Isn't there something slightly comic about a husband and wife who want to sit and hold hands at a party?"

This is one of the easy ways to begin the process of disenchantment. When we start feeling foolish about expressing love in front of other people or about wasting time



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to talk long and deeply, we are starting to close the doors rather than keep them open. Maybe that is why a little nonsense is important in marriage. Those who can patter with lightness and humor over trivialities may also be freer to keep the sentimental doors open.

Maybe that is why married couples often put their plans to do something together way down on the list of priorities. If Sharon wants Dennis to take her out to see the sunset and Dennis has a business letter to write, which one usually gets done? The business letter. If Dennis suggests a romantic notion and Sharon has a pile of ironing to finish, the ironing most frequently wins. "Get everything else done first and then what's left is ours" seems to be the guiding principle for many married couples. And, of course, what's left all too often is not time enough for all. Love, which once came first, now comes last. Is it any wonder that it languishes under such treatment? Love has to be fed like anything else, and it has to have its particular kind of diet.

Hopefully, the suggestions to this point provide better understanding as to why disenchantment occurs. Having such understanding, what then can we do to better develop our defenses against disenchantment?

Taking time to make decisions together so that there is a feeling of sharing can help. According to some research, the most important thing to a woman is the feeling of companionship in doing things with her husband. The sense of being loved—the assurance of love, the feeling of being wanted and of significance—is for many a woman tied to the experiences in which she has a particular shared activity with her husband. As a matter of fact, many things husbands do for wives in which they think they express

love may not be seen by wives as love expressions because the actions are done on a solo basis, not as a shared action.

Someone asked, "If a woman wants such shared experiences, what does a man want?" We don't know how all men would respond, but many with whom we have talked want a wife to excite within them the urge to be with her and to be tender. Men want an understanding companion. Our feeling is that many men, way down deep, see sex as only a first step toward this richer interchange of feelings, and through which they can reach the state where there is no guilt over sentiment. Many men exercise tenderness to the degree that the wife keeps it open and alive between them, and they are hurt if the woman fails to keep this image alive to help them. We are not sure how many men really know how to initiate the opening of the tender emotional world; in this regard all men seem a bit dependent.

Defense against disenchantment calls for time and effort to periodically renew the tender, deep bonds so that we become a little more consciously married partners rather than parents and adults.

One married couple resolved that they had a duty to themselves. They arranged to go away for a long weekend together. They even booked in advance and paid for a motel reservation. As the time drew near, many valid reasons for not going were encountered. The week before they were to go, life was hectic and they were hardly on speaking terms. But they went. Once there and relaxed, they found the other world slip more and more into the unconscious, and their marriage assumed a frontal position, thus resulting in a pleasing renewal of love.

Almost any couple can do it. You say you can't afford it? Are you

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sure? Many people who can't afford such experiences spend much on medicines and various other remedies to soothe their throbbing nerves.

You don't even have to go anywhere. But it is harder. It is always easier in a new situation where the world doesn't look quite the same and we are freed from many surrounding elements that remind us of other phases of life.

One marriage counselor feels that if every couple were to spend four long weekends away from home each year (even if only at a local motel), there might be a good deal more contentment in the home. That is one weekend for a three-month period. Some might need more, some less; but everyone needs some such activity for love renewal.

This point would be misconstrued if taken to mean that the only way to renew love and run a successful home is to keep running away from it. Hence, the art of taking time to sustain love must be conscientiously practiced within the home. The recipe will vary, but always it must have these few ingredients:

1. An aim of recapturing periods of relaxed, cozy intimacy as we have known and cherished them.

2. A focus on emotional expansion, since the nature of life may push us toward emotional contraction. If we do not expand our ability for emotional expression, the world of love may leave us behind.

3. Not only a resolve, but also a dedication of time that will not be violated except for the utmost emergency.

4. Stimulation from each in his own particular way that bids the tender feelings to come out for airing—a little imagination can take you a long way.

Defense against disenchantment; oftentimes the best defense is a good offense. What's yours? ○



A sweet treat recipe from *Cynthia Scott*

ENGLISH TOFFEE COOKIES

- 1 cup butter
- 1 cup U AND I SUGAR
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 egg white, beaten
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 cup ground pecans

Cream butter and sugar thoroughly; add egg yolk (unbeaten) and beat well. Add vanilla, flour and one-half of the ground nuts. Spread dough thin on greased shallow pan, 10½ x 15 inches. Spread beaten egg white over top. Sprinkle with remaining cup of ground nuts. Bake in slow oven 300° for 45 min. Cut at once in small squares.

How to Get Student Involvement

By Albert L. Payne
Contributing Editor

• Modern teachers who never imagined themselves sponsoring a drama in their class are now using drama as a means of teaching. Consider, for example, the teacher separately coaching three students to pretend that they are someone else and to spontaneously involve themselves in the following situation:

Linda, a high school senior, has just returned home from a dance. It is 1:00 a.m., one hour beyond her deadline for coming in, and both her parents are waiting up for her. Linda's mother is especially upset, because she constantly worries about terrible things happening. Her father, besides being concerned about the lateness of the hour, is critical of this being her sixth date with Ted. Both parents are opposed to her going steady. Linda says she is willing to go with other boys; but, since it is silently understood that she is "Ted's girl," nobody asks her. She has accepted Ted's invitation to go steady. Linda, Ted, and the other couple had left the dance early in deference to Linda's deadline, but they had waited an unusually long time to be served at the restaurant where they had gone to eat. Linda feels that midnight is just too early, and this restriction puts her in an awkward position.

This dramatic scene illustrates one of many new methods of teaching. Modern educators are constantly challenging the traditional ways of teaching, and innovations are continuously being tried. The general tendency in the field of education appears to be toward engaging learners in more practical and real experiences. This is

thought to be not only more economical (contrasted to the use of movies), but also far more effective as a means of achieving educational goals. Two of the rapidly developing facets of this trend toward experiential teaching may have profound implications in the field of religious training. (See Victor Vernon Wolf, *A Study of Literature on Role-playing With Possible Applications to the LDS Institutes of Religion*, and Cal Juel Andreassen, *The Case Method—A Technique for Teaching Religion to LDS Youth*.) The first of these—role-playing—was first developed to help people overcome emotional problems. Later it was used by the German, British, and American armies to select and train personnel. After World War II, industry began to use role-playing to identify, test, and train personnel. It is now widely used in counseling and is making an entry into the field of education.

Role-playing is by definition a structured group activity in which real-life situations are reconstructed or reproduced within the framework of the educational environment. It is designed to permit an individual to become mentally, physically, emotionally, and spiritually involved in a life situation or problem and to give experience in thinking, feeling, or living through a real or anticipated experience.

Almost any stressful, emotional involvement that is either true or true to life may be used for role-playing. Situations might involve tensions between parents and children, adults and teens, teachers and students, or

teens and teens. They could have to do with such things as honesty, love, jealousy, fear, or prejudice; or they might involve somewhat less volatile feelings, such as those associated with ingratititude, covetousness, or inertia. The setting for role-playing may grow out of the lesson itself, with individuals called upon to act out the roles of historic or contemporary characters; but more frequently it involves a present situation.

When the participants feel the emotional verve and gusto of the part, role-playing is most effective. It is the responsibility of the teacher to set the stage for this with each participant separately. Role-playing is easier when dealing with problems about which individuals already have some feeling, but participants may feel or effectively pretend when all the reasons for the situation have been delineated with feeling. In every instance the roles must be set up for an immediate specific objective, and the teacher must keep the group concentrating on this. At the conclusion of role-playing, someone in the group (or preferably many) must be able to see a constructive technique for meeting the problems or overcoming the difficulties involved in the situation. Since role-playing is primarily emotional learning, participants and members of the class should reflect upon their feelings about the techniques employed by those engaged in it. These may then become a means of discovering and using effective processes of emotional creativity and adjustment.

A second technique deals with the intellectual rather than the emotional side of learning. Called the case method, it uses actual or typical situations as the basis for an experience in decision-making. The emphasis is not upon knowledge as such, but upon the use of knowledge in making wise judgments. Problems used in case situations must not have a single or obvious or authoritative answer.

After the problem has been carefully defined, students using the case method engage in individual research and a group-exploration session in which they share ideas, information, and possible answers. As they probe and ponder, the advantages, consequences, and limitations of various alternatives are taken into consideration. When individuals and small groups have discussed the issue, it then comes before the entire class for further clarification and conclusion.

When properly used, the case method fosters and rewards clear and objective thinking. It encourages habits of dealing intelligently and creatively with problems, and it assists students

in learning to weigh and evaluate. The process encourages students to be critical of their own thinking and that of others and at the same time more tolerant of the opinions and decisions of others. It creates and rewards imagination, clear thinking, sound judgment, and wholesome human relations.

The Harvard School of Business Administration has been given much credit for developing and publicizing the case method. The principles and techniques developed at Harvard have been widely used in business and industry and may be utilized in religious education when there is a need to discover the facts or issues and use them appropriately in making a decision. This method is effective in situations where there appear to be conflicts in interest, duties, or principles. It may also help students to learn how to distinguish between means and ends, preferences and principles, or things that are situational and those that are eternal.

Among the advantages of using these techniques are the removal or control of emotional obstacles and the unlocking of the learner's intellectual potential to creative adaptation.

Such tools are needed to help bridge the gap between religious principles that have grown out of situations in the distant past and their application to present situations. In its beginning, religious knowledge came in answer to a question or to fulfill a need. But the modern recounting of the situation, or the intelligence that grew out of it, does not necessarily fulfill a present need. Knowledge of religious truth, therefore, is no guarantee of one's living a religious life. Many who know what is right (1) do not see how it relates to what they are doing, (2) are unable to determine which bit of knowledge applies, or (3) have emotional barriers that hinder them from applying their knowledge to their immediate situation. Since role-playing and the case method can involve learners in present religious situations, they can be effective means toward the overcoming of these difficulties.

These methods are sharp tools that require very careful planning, handling, and conditioning. Both have great potential, but either may waste time and insult a class if improperly used.

The high rewards of this kind of teaching are not easily obtained. But under the proper circumstances and with adequate direction, they are effective means of engaging students in practical and meaningful experiences that may help us fulfill our religious objectives.

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Bufs and Rebufs

Supermarket of the Future

I have just finished reading Carolyn Dunn's "The Supermarket of the Future" [February]. If such a supermarket ever comes into existence, I hope that I am not around. I do not care to see convenience foods and "instants" increase in number or variety. There are too many of these chemical-laden products on the market now, and all the chemically added vitamins in the world cannot take the place of wholesome, natural vitamins that were put in by nature and removed by man in his various refining and processing methods.

The author apparently thinks that there won't be anything nutritious on the market in the future. Where does that idea come from? If we are to have nothing but nutritious foods in the future, someone had better hurry and find a way to keep food stuffs without adding chemical preservatives. What good does it do to add vitamins to food, then preserve it with a chemical that may prove to be poisonous, or may become poisonous or carcinogenic by interacting with other chemicals that are quickly dissipated by the body and that are cumulative? When a food additive is tested, it is usually tested by itself, not with other additives that may be in other foods that a person will consume in the same day. Whereas a certain chemical may prove to be absolutely harmless by itself, who knows what the reaction might be when digested with another chemical?

Says Lewis Herber, in *Our Synthetic Society*: "Today more than 3,000 chemicals are used in the production and distribution of commercially prepared food. At least 1,288 are purposely added as preservatives, buffers, emulsifiers, neutralizing agents, sequestrants, stabilizers, anti-caking ingredients, flavoring agents, and coloring agents, while from 25 to 30 consist of nutritional supplements, such as potassium, iodide, and vitamins."

Imagine! Out of 3,000 chemicals put into our food, only 25 to 30 have anything to do with nutrition. Out of 2,112 flavor additives, 1,600 of them are synthetic.

A report by the U.S. Surgeon General several years ago estimated that "400-500 totally new chemicals are put into use each year. . . . Although many chemicals are checked for toxicity, much is still unknown about their long-term potential hazards."

Every individual is different. A mild dose of a chemical may have no effect on most people; for others, such a dose could be lethal. I firmly believe that no chemical should be added to food unless there is absolutely no chance at all that it could be poisonous or carcinogenic. That would take an awful lot of testing and a good many years.

Dr. W. C. Hueper, retired chief of the Environmental Cancer Section of the National Cancer Institute, once said: "We have to consider the fact that materials which may be carcinogenic are ingested for our entire lifetime. I suppose that it would be a wise precautionary measure not to add any chemicals to our food supply which produced cancer in either man or in experimental animals."

Cyclamates have now been banned (after much fuss). But how many other food additives might be cancer inducing? Look at all the controversy over monosodium glutamate. It has been shown to cause brain damage in mice, and for years it has been thought to be the cause of the "Chinese restaurant syndrome," but although three baby food companies (under pressure) stopped using it, the FDA has not banned its use. Just the other day I attended a free cooking school and sample bottles of a flavoring product consisting primarily of monosodium glutamate were given out. Carboxymethyl cellulose causes cancer in animals. Yet it is used extensively in soft drinks, ice cream, jellies, chocolate drinks, icings, candies, and baby foods. The dye used to color red maraschino cherries also causes cancer in animals. Yet the government still allows us to consume it.

Maybe there are 42 convenience foods that cost less to prepare than the same thing made from scratch, and, of course, take less time. But isn't our health worth a little extra time and money? And frankly, I think the real thing, fresh and unpreserved, the way Mother Nature gave it to us, tastes so much better.

SHARON ALMEIDA
HAUUA, HAWAII

"In the Beginning"

I am presently working as a British volunteer teacher under the Volunteer Service Overseas (similar to the Peace Corps), and I teach biology and chemistry at an all-Negro boys' grammar school in Antigua, West Indies. I have been doing some practical soil analysis with the boys, ages ranging from 13 to 16, and their inquiring minds have many questions.

One of my boys said, in the loudest voice he could muster, "How was the earth formed, Ma'm?"

Immediately the entire class came alive with questions, answers, and arguments. In the midst of the uproar I could distinguish the words "I believe," "the Bible says," "scientists state." By the time I could get the attention of the class, the sound of the school bell informed us that it was time for lunch.

A few of the boys joined me as I walked home for lunch, and each assured me that his argument was right. I thought to myself, What a golden opportunity to teach the gospel, but how?

When we arrived at the house, my January *Era* had just arrived, and there, in glorious illustrations, were the scientific facts as well as biblical truths.

In the afternoon, I presented the facts and pictures to the class. They were all delighted. When I explained the enlightening article regarding the soil, the

boys began to understand that the Bible really did not conflict with science, but that science explained more fully the physical aspects of creation. At the end of a real sensible discussion, one of the boys said, "Thanks, Ma'm, for showing us God's greatness. The earth is so complicated that it must have taken an all-powerful God to make it, even if we can't fully understand how."

This understanding was inspired by the January *Era*, which arrived just in time. Also, the article by E. LV Richards, "When You Teach My Child," and A. L. Payne's article, "Religious Concerns of Our Youth," were enlightening articles that helped me in my work on an island where I am the only Mormon.

LUCY CALEY
ANTIGUA, WEST INDIES

Korean Correction

Congratulations on a fine job on the March issue featuring the Church in Asia. However, on page 19, our baptisms for 1969 should read 550, not 450.

PRESIDENT ROBERT H. SLOVER
KOREAN MISSION

Letters on Hills

Relative to the letter about the custom of putting a stone letter on a hill near a town, in your February "Bufs," here in this section of California many of our small towns that lie along the foothills of the Sierra Nevada also designate their name by a large letter on a hill. In Porterville the letter P is very clearly seen for miles on a hill situated about four miles southeast of the downtown section. But I do not know how or by whom the letter was put there or even when. The letter was there in 1948, when we moved here.

MARIE BROAD
PORTERVILLE, CALIFORNIA

The California State Polytechnic College in Pomona has the large letters CP on Kellogg Hill above the school campus.

SHARON BROWN
POMONA, CALIFORNIA

If putting a stone letter on a hill near the town is a Mormon custom, it must have started a long time ago. There is a big C near Cisco, Peru.

LAWRENCE T. DAHL
ROANOKE, ILLINOIS

President McKay

May I tell you how beautiful was the article on President David O. McKay [February]. Such a lovely presentation. His character was captured perfectly. I had started to glance through this issue of the *Era* and wasn't able to put it down until completely read. How fortunate we have been to have had such a prophet, and also to have writers such as Jay M. Todd and Albert L. Zobell, Jr., who are able to convert their feelings into lovely thoughts.

YVONNE RENPP
YERINGTON, NEVADA

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The Church Moves On

February 1970

27 "He deeply impressed those who met him with his graciousness, kindness, and his intense interest in public affairs," read a special distinguished alumnus award given posthumously by the University of Utah to President David O. McKay. The award, the first of its kind, had been planned for many months. President McKay had been informed of it by letter on January 12 and returned his thanks in a letter dated January 16, two days before his death. The award, presented at the annual Founders' Day banquet, was accepted by President McKay's daughter, Mrs. Russell H. Blood.

March 1970

1 Lima (Peru) Stake, the 503rd now functioning, was organized by Elder Gordon B. Hinckley of the Council of the Twelve. President Robert Vidal was sustained, with counselors Quiroz J. A. Sousa and Harold M. Rex.

7 The First Presidency announced that two new missions would be organized in Japan and that Russell N. Horuchi of Orem, Utah, has been called as president of one of them—the Japan East Mission.

It was announced that Irvin B. Nydegger has been appointed manager of European operations in the Church's Distribution and Translation Service.

It was announced that Henry E. Petersen is the new production division manager of the Church Welfare Program.

Blackfoot (Idaho) West Stake, the 504th stake, was organized by Elder Howard W. Hunter of the Council of the Twelve, from portions of Blackfoot and Blackfoot South stakes. Allan F. Larsen was sustained as president, with Cornelius G. Williams and James M. Wray, counselors. Robert M. Kerr, Jr., was sustained as president of Blackfoot Stake, succeeding President Larsen.

New stake president: President Rudolph B. Cierpki and counselors Gordon C. Mortensen and Dieter H. E. Berndt, Berlin (Germany) Stake.

13 "In the timetable of the Lord, the door is now open and this is apparently the time for the work in Asia. The work is expanding and further expansion is in the offing. In each of the countries, the tremendous growth is an inspiration," said Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the Twelve, as the Mormon Pavilion at Expo 70, Osaka, Japan, was dedicated. Elders Hugh B. Brown and Gordon B. Hinckley of the Council of the Twelve and Elder Bernard P. Brockbank, Assistant to the Twelve, also participated in the pavilion's dedication. Some eight million persons, mostly Japanese, are expected to visit the Church pavilion during the six-month world exposition.

Edgehill 2nd Ward of Salt Lake City won the all-Church basketball tournament from Clearfield (Utah) 2nd Ward. Oak Hills 5th Ward from Provo, Utah, won the Ensign division from Arlington (California) Ward, and Brigham Young University 79th defeated University of Utah 6th for the college division championship. The tournament began in Salt Lake City on March 9.

15 Tokyo Stake, the first in Asia and the 505th now functioning in the Church, was organized by Elder Ezra Taft Benson of the Council of the

Twelve, with Kenji Tanaka as president and Yoshihiko Kikuchi and Kenichi Segara as counselors.

New stake presidency: Leslie B. Smith and counselors Howard J. Pearson and Garth D. Hansen, Palmyra (Utah) Stake.

18 Brigham Young University's second annual Festival of Mormon Arts began today on the Provo campus, with a Salt Lake Tabernacle Choir concert. The festival will feature ballet, art exhibits, music in the home, Church writers, drama, and concerts. It will end April 30.

21 The First Presidency announced that Kan Watanabe has been appointed as president of the new Japan West Mission. He was formerly manager of the Church Translation Services Department in Asia.

22 Transvaal Stake, the first in Africa, was organized by Elder Marion G. Romney of the Council of the Twelve, with Louis P. Hefer as president and Gert J. B. DeWet and Olev Taim as counselors. With the organization of this stake, the Church now has organized stakes on six continents.

Merrimack (New Hampshire) Stake was organized by Elder Mark E. Petersen of the Council of the Twelve and President Paul H. Dunn of the First Council of the Seventy. William A. French is president, with John T. Hills and Harold W. Gunn as counselors.

Monterey Stake was organized by Elder Delbert L. Stapley of the Council of the Twelve from portions of the North Mexican Mission. Guillermo Gonzales was sustained as president, with Cesar M. Sanchez and Justo A. Munoz as counselors. With the organization of these three stakes this Sunday, the Church now has 508 stakes.

New stake presidency: President Hans B. Ringger and counselors Peter Cysler and Heinrich Roffler, Swiss Stake.

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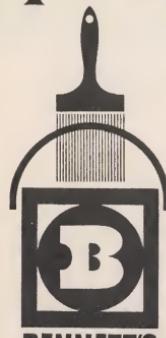
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National Defense and the Local "Peace Corps"

By Dr. G. Homer Durham

Commissioner and Executive Officer, Utah System of Higher Education

• Everyone longs for peace. It has many prices. One song proclaims: "Let there be peace on earth, and let it begin with me." That is a good place to begin. But experience shows that more is needed. So the world has produced armies, navies, air forces, the U.N., domestic police systems of professional nature in the quest for peace through law enforcement.

A select committee in the United States has recommended that conscription for the national army be supplanted by well-paid volunteer professionals. This will cost something.

Human activity has become specialized, with professional leadership and occupational careers. The citizen-farmer, the citizen-school-teacher, and the citizen-soldier are passing into history. The "militia" of the American states came under national professional influence by an Act of Congress in 1916. By

the bicentennial of American independence, July 1976, citizens in national guard units (who earn their living by other means) could be the only "part-time" stand-by support for a new, "full-time" professional army system.

The cities and towns of America have professional municipal police forces. If and when the national forces professionalize, the state "guard" units may provide the only citizen "layer" between local and national professional constabularies.

Under existing legislation, national conscription expires June 30, 1971. It may well be renewed. The Secretary of Defense, Melvin R. Laird, and the chairman of the Armed Services Committee of the Senate, John Stennis, have expressed the view that it will not be possible to achieve the volunteer, professional army by that time.

National defense may be considered in other terms than the draft. Candor requires recognition that many citizens of the United States feel immediate concern for the quality and character of state and local police services. The domestic aspects of what has usually been viewed as "national defense" are coming to occupy more and more of the place once given to international aspects of the subject. Twenty years ago the average American felt that his security (and the nation's defense) revolved around General Dwight D. Eisenhower and the NATO command in Paris, around the Navy, and around the Strategic Air Command under General LeMay. Viet Nam, Laos, and the Middle East still hold the attention of the American public. But, these theaters aside, the focus and reliance once placed on NATO and SAC for security seem to have shifted to local constabularies and domestic "defense" services. The FBI, the state highway patrol, the county sheriff's forces, the municipal police department, the town marshal, the campus security force, and a growing number of private, hired, professional security services loom ever larger in the public mind.

The presidential commission on selective service, headed by Thomas Gates, a former Secretary of Defense, estimated that, for a 2.5 million national professional armed force, the new system would cost 3.3 billion dollars more than the present volunteer-conscription system. Higher salaries to the professionals would return about 540 million dollars to the government in additional income taxes. This would leave a net additional cost of 2.7 billion dollars more than the present system.

What should local police services cost?

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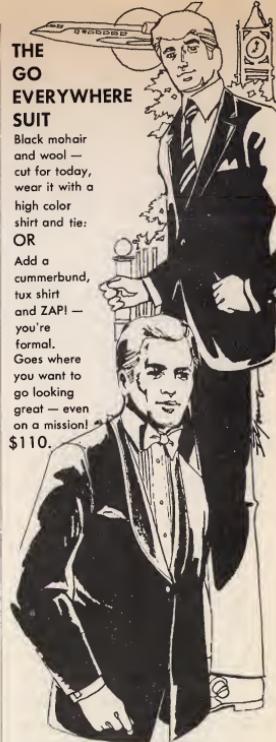
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The state of the world, whether in Salt Lake City or Saigon, requires well-paid, skilled professionals, whether in the air force or the police force. The day of the unskilled laborer has passed in the United States. But the training in law enforcement, legal procedures, human behavior, counseling required of today's police has not yet been fully recognized by the average citizen. Most of us appreciate the importance of paying

well for the engineering skills that produce our machines, or that prevent buildings from collapsing on our heads. We appreciate automobile tires that refuse to blow apart at high speed. But not enough of us understand the trained intelligence, patience, and personal skills required of a city police officer. His judgment and quiet forbearance under stress, his intelligent action under duress, may prevent a city from blowing

apart. In many cases, the counseling skills of certain police officers have saved situations that school psychologists and psychiatrists could not handle. But these skills and qualities, although cultivated in the modern police department and their training academies, are in short supply.

The public's view of the man in uniform is divided today. Many, fortunately, still view him as a friend, the symbol of the law in its equity and majesty. Others view him as "a cop"—doing a necessary job, but not one you (or your children) would aspire to. Then there are those who, for various reasons, view the police as enemies, and subject them to all the abuses available in a land of liberty.

As the nation's policy-makers ask questions about the costs of a professional army, it may be well in local circles to ask how the talents essential to "domestic tranquility" can be recruited for the city police department.

One New Year's Eve we entertained a large group of high school students in our home. The talk turned to the draft and the desirability of substituting a volunteer-professional system. One young man in the group had already been selected for appointment to the Air Force Academy. Several others admitted willingness to seek reserve commissions through other channels than the draft. These ambitions seemed to have the respect and admiration of the group. Especial pride was evident for the appointee to the Air Force Academy.

Then the talk turned to the growing need for domestic law enforcement. There was some fairly caustic criticism of city police and highway patrol officers. Advice on "what ought to be done about it" was freely dispensed. Diplo-

The Spoken Word

"The Spoken Word" from Temple Square, presented over KSL and the Columbia Broadcasting System March 1, 1970. ©1970.

If you don't want temptation to follow you

By Richard L. Evans

As one whimsical observer said, "When some folks flee from temptation, they leave a forwarding address." This brings us to the question of what could be called tempting temptation, flirting with it, entertaining the idea. Sometimes it would seem that we invite troubles, that we invite temptation—perhaps wanting to be in on a little of the so-called excitement, in the wrong places, at the wrong times, perhaps for the wrong reasons—sometimes out of curiosity, sometimes with an unwholesome interest in the action. We may fail to do as Mencius said, "Let men decide firmly what they will not do, and they will be free to do vigorously what they ought to do."¹ The problem is often that we don't definitely decide what we will not do. We may decide to leave the door a little open—to go half way, or part way, or just a little way. But a little way is too far in some situations. Life here is so short, so swift, and yet life is so important, and so everlastingly long—and there are so many right places to go, so many good things to do, how can we justify ourselves in taking time for the unsavory side? We can't be safe or sure, if we decide to tamper a little with the wrong things—just a little at first, and then a little more, and then perhaps to lose our sense of distance and direction. We need standards, laws, guidelines in life; counsel, commandments, personal moral principles. We need to face ourselves with facts: to decide for ourselves how honest we are, how far we will go—how far we won't go—and lay down a line that we can count on, staying on the right side, the safe, the virtuous side. It may sound old-fashioned, but our peace and self-respect are worth more than any little passing thrill, any short-sighted indulgence, any venture into the dangerous and sordid side. No one ever fell over a precipice who never went near one. "When some people flee from temptation, they leave a forwarding address." If you don't want temptation to follow you, don't act as if you are interested.

¹Mencius, Discourses iv, B.C. 32.

matically, this question was inserted into the discussion: How many of you would be willing to prepare for careers in the vital, demanding field of domestic law enforcement? There were no "takers." Engineering, nursing, architecture, machinists, mechanics, construction, merchandising, and the other professions, yes. Law enforcement, the current demanding profession, no. That was a job for somebody else. The Peace Corps? World Health Organization? Social work? Yes. Police work? No. That's for policemen.

How American society can attract the intelligence required for today's city police forces deserves equal attention with how we recruit and maintain intelligence for the nation's armed forces, for the airlines, for the hospitals, and for the factories.

For the Pirates of Penzance, Sir William S. Gilbert penned the lines, with music by Sir Arthur Sullivan. One rollicking chorus goes:

"When constabulary's duty's to be done, to be done,
A Policeman's lot is not a happy one."

If that was true in the 1870s, it is more true in the 1970s.

When conscription came along years ago, there was a maudlin song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier." We may be grateful that there are a few boys and girls willing to qualify for the growing and intense demands of service as peace officers. The most important Peace Corps in these times may be the city police department. If it is not professional, intelligent, and well-trained, capable of negotiating peace, citizens will have to accept the responsibility of developing and maintaining such talent. It will cost something, too.

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Acquainted

By Dennis Drake

Illustrated by Jeanne Lindorff

*I too have walked in rain at night,
Have known a weight upon my crown
And felt the liquid slivers bite.*

*I have bowed to winds and stumbled down,
Have struggled up while looking low,
Have slogged through mud in the middle of town.*

*I much prefer to step against the flow,
But elements by nature travel down so swift
And I labor uphill so commonly slow.*

*Oh, I have a legacy that persuades me drift
No longer! And I will find the right
Consistency of strength with which to run and lift*

*My awkward pilgrimage again into the light.
I too have walked in rain at night.*



FROM ART IN AMERICA, THE American Art Discovery of 1970

See brilliant, full color reproductions of the **Mormon Panorama**, 22 paintings by Mormon artist C.C.A. Christensen in the May-June issue of *Art in America*. These long forgotten paintings are the American art discovery of 1970 in the eyes of this 56 year old publication. The paintings depict major events in early Mormon history, including the Hill Cumorah vision, mob scenes, the exodus, the Nauvoo Temple burning, and the pioneer's entrance into the Salt Lake Valley.

The resplendent colors of the paintings are faithfully reproduced on high quality paper by *Art in America*, America's leading and most widely read art publication. The magazine devotes 21 pages of its May-June issue to this early Mormon art. It will include a detailed background of the artist's life and a description of the scene in each painting.

The article tells how the artist carried these large 10' x 8' paintings from town to town, using them to illustrate his unique lecture series.

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The name of Hugh Nibley has become a byword within the Church in the past two decades, primarily as a result of his writings published in the pages of The Improvement Era for 21 years. Since 1948, only six volumes of the Era have been published without the by-line of Hugh Nibley, which is usually part of an extended series of articles. His brilliant, incisive mind, fortified on one hand by fluency in some ten languages and strengthened on the other by his strong faith in the gospel's message, has blessed countless readers. But it is his zest for knowledge, his joy in discovery, his thrill at uncovering old things for us to view anew that have endeared him to all who have read his works. In this respect, Brother Nibley represents a symbol of the person hungering and thirsting after knowledge, an ideal that most individuals could well adapt for the betterment and fulfillment of their own personal lives. In this spirit, as his current series is concluded, the Era is pleased to feature Brother Nibley as a fitting symbol of one who has truly found many adventures in learning.



Hugh Nibley: The Portrait of a Leader

By Dr. Louis C. Midgley

Associate Professor of Political Science, Brigham Young University

● Hugh Nibley quite adequately exemplifies the Latter-day Saint ideal of the learned man with deep devotion to God's kingdom. For him the quest for knowledge is not some half-real, dimly discerned, vaguely tangible ideal to which mere lip service is given; his is a genuine commitment to the pursuit of knowledge and understanding. Dr. Nibley's passion for learning does not depend solely upon the potential survival value of knowledge, but upon an abiding curiosity or what the ancients called wonder, the beginning of wisdom. His own rather impressive contributions to Mormon intellectual life, and especially his defense of the faith and the Saints, stem directly from a radical curiosity about this world, a feeling of astonishment

at the mysteries of life, and an openness to the possibility that there is more to be said about some issues than has already been said. Where others are either disinterested or have already made up their minds, Hugh Nibley is busy opening the door for another look at the evidence.

Dr. Nibley has set a good example by coupling his own rather considerable natural intellectual abilities, vivid imagination, and sometimes impish wit with personal discipline sufficient to permit him to acquire the tools of an outstanding historian, and he has thereby become a really creative scholar. His interests are vast. In general, he investigates those areas of human experience covered by the terms history, politics,



and religion. He is not interested in the commonplace, the well-known, the trite or trivial; instead, he pursues the unknown, the difficult, the profound, the important. He works in virgin territory and is obsessed with the necessity of being original. The fruits of Dr. Nibley's scholarship are well-known. His commitment to learning and the gospel is total. He has not yielded to the blandishments of worldly success now common in our universities. He has steadfastly avoided becoming involved in any kind of administrative claptrap, preferring instead to tend to his studies. He has a deep, intense, joyous devotion to scholarship. His interests reach beyond the confines of the traditional disciplines; yet his work manifests painstaking

labor on tiny details, and he is enormously productive. His work is richly illustrated, elaborately structured, cohesive, and yet always new and dynamically alive. His work is always fresh because he moves on the boundary between the known and the unknown. This is dangerous territory where the timid seldom go.

One can conceive of man's knowledge as a sphere whose outer edge reaches the unknown. The sphere of knowledge may be infinitely enlarged, but it always encounters the unknown. In fact, the actual awareness of the unknown should be greater with the more learned than with the unlearned. Therefore, the worst offense is not in having a wrong opinion—we all do that much of the time—but, rather, in thinking



that we have all the necessary answers. This is a great temptation for the learned and the unlearned. However, everything we learn simply reveals all the more the things we do not know. Clearly no one, not even the most learned, has room to rest or gloat.

While Hugh Nibley has certainly been interested in promoting learning among the Saints, at the same time he has also been interested in exposing the sham pretensions of the learned of this world. The proclamation of the restored gospel has often met with derision and contempt from the learned. At times, men fancy that the gospel is simply too ridiculous to take seriously; others may imagine that they can transform the gospel or even bring it down by merely waving their credentials and sneering at the Prophet Joseph Smith or the modern-day scriptures. Behind Dr. Nibley's obvious scorn for the posturing and pretense of the scholarly world, there is a deep commitment to the scholarly enterprise. It is not from a weariness of learning or from an anxiety about the fruits of serious scholarship that he is impelled to expose falsehood among the learned. Instead, it is his love of learning that stands behind his constant debunking of the false and inept in the proud edifice of scholarship.

Many Saints, however, are deeply troubled by the question of whether advancement in learning will in some way adversely affect their testimonies of the gospel, or whether learning is really necessary, after all is said and done. Clearly, learning does represent a distinct threat to some of our personal views about both the world and the gospel. Whenever we really probe for answers to life's questions, we expose ourselves to the possibility that we will discover something new, but that is exactly what we ask for. The lack of real learning among the Saints is an even more serious matter. A major source of trouble for the

Church has always come from those whose arrogance about their academic accomplishments has led them to suppose that they can prove that the gospel is not true. However, an equally serious threat is presented by those who feel that they can prove that the gospel *is* true. The fact is that no one knows enough to do either. Acceptance of the gospel is and will remain an act of faith, though not a faith devoid of evidence or reasons. It is the business of those who accept the gospel to explain and defend the faith, but that is exactly where we most often fall down. Often we are not sufficiently prepared to advance and defend the gospel.

In order to know that Jesus is the Christ, one must have the witness of the Spirit; that is, one must actually be a prophet. Only the gifts of the Spirit can ultimately tell us what we really want to know. But such inspiration, being both entirely personal and non-transferable, cannot be used as evidence in an argument. Inspiration is an impregnable armor for the one who has it—it provides him a sure source of conviction, but it is not a weapon to be used in any operation. After the Spirit has led us to a conviction, the hard work has really just begun, for it is then that we need and can use all the learning we can get. It is this whole point of view that Dr. Nibley represents so well.

Dr. Nibley's life work is premised upon the proposition that it is important for the Saints to know as much as they can and that it is proper to use the intellect to understand and defend the gospel. Our difficulties stem from taking ourselves or our meager learning or our world too seriously. If we really take the gospel seriously, if our concern is the Lord and his righteousness, we need not fear the world and its mysteries. ○

Taking Stock

By Dr. Hugh Nibley

- “Look here upon this picture and on this”: The long discussion of the Follies of 1912 with which this series opened has turned out to be no idle sparing for time or waste of paper. Who would have thought that the pattern of 1968 could follow that of 1912 as closely as it did? Let us briefly summarize the situation as we found it to be in 1912.

At that time it was claimed that the pronouncements of five of the greatest scholars of all time had “completely demolished” all grounds for belief in the divine inspiration or historic authenticity of the Book of Abraham and, through it, the Book of Mormon. It turned out, however, that Bishop F. S. Spalding in gathering and manipulating the necessary evidence for his determined and devious campaign had (a) disqualified the Mormons from all participation in the discussion on the grounds that they were not professional Egyptologists, (b) sent special warnings and instructions to his experts that made it impossible for any of them to decide for Joseph Smith, (c) concealed all correspondence that did not support the verdict he desired, (d) given the learned jury to understand that the original Egyptian manuscripts were available, which they were not, and (e) said that Mormons claimed them to be the unique autographic writing and sketching of Abraham—which they did not, (f) announced to the world that Joseph Smith was being tested on linguistic ground alone, specifically as a translator, though none of his experts ventured to translate a word of the documents submitted, and (g) rested his case on the “complete agreement” of the scholars, who agreed on nothing save that the Book of Abraham was a hoax.

The experts (a) did not agree among themselves at all when they spoke without collusion; (b) with the exception of Breasted, they wrote only brief and contemptuous notes, though it was claimed that they had given the documents “careful consideration”; (c) they admitted that they were hasty and ill-tempered, since they at no time

considered anything of Joseph Smith’s worth any serious attention at all; (d) they translated nothing and produced none of the “identical” documents, which, according to them, were available in countless numbers and proved Joseph Smith’s interpretations a fraud. They should have done much better than they did, since they had everything their own way, being free to choose for interpretation and comment whatever was easiest and most obvious, and to pass by in complete silence the many formidable problems presented by the three facsimiles. Those Mormons who ventured a few polite and diffident questions about the consistency of the criticisms or the completeness of the evidence instantly called down upon their heads the Jovian bolts of the *New York Times*, accusing them of “reviling scholars and scholarship.” A safer set-up for the critics of Joseph Smith could not be imagined. And yet it was they and not the Mormons who insisted on calling off the whole show just when it was getting interesting. It was not a very edifying performance.

The project of 1968 may have been carried out with more sophistication than that of 1912, but in the last analysis the demonstration rested more than ever before on an all-out appeal to authority. If anything, the public today is more prone than ever to accede to the pressure of official persuasion and more easily overwhelmed by the mystique of sciences that have become specialized to the point of total incomprehensibility. This can be seen in the declaration of half a dozen intellectuals that after a lifetime of belief they have finally and suddenly become convinced by the authority of one Egyptologist that Joseph Smith was a fraud. The remarkable thing is that these people would be outraged at the suggestion that they accept any demonstration whatever against the Prophet by experts in their own fields without thoroughly examining the evidence for themselves. Yet it is with an audible sigh of relief that they commit their brains and their immortal souls into

the hands of a young man recently out of graduate school, the lone practitioner of a discipline of which they know nothing. Rustics and adolescents might be excused for being bowled over by the sheer majesty of unassailable authority, but those thinking people must have been desperately determined to get something against Joseph Smith, who, while unable to accept the unanimous opinion of five of the greatest scholars of the past, rested the most important decision of their lives on the purely intuitive deduction of a single scholar whose credentials they made no effort to examine.

Since the basic charges against Joseph Smith emerging from the study of the newly found papyri have not been discussed in the pages of the *Era*, it may be well to review them briefly here. Two documents of the Joseph Smith Papyri were identified and translated in 1967/8, the one comprising sections from the Book of the Dead, the other being the much rarer but still not unknown “Sen-sen” Papyrus or “Book of Breathing.” Neither of these texts contained the same reading matter as the Book of Abraham, but who said they should? A single scholar announced that the text of the Book of Abraham was *supposed* to be a translation of the “Sen-sen” Papyrus, and, since it was not, “Abraham” was a hoax. It is on this claim alone that announcements have gone forth to the press that the fraudulence of the Pearl of Great Price has at last been established.

What supports the idea that the Book of Abraham was thought by Joseph Smith to be a translation of the Breathing Certificate? Two things: first, that the “Breathing text” was originally adjoined to Facsimile 1 on the same strip of papyrus, and second, that the symbols from the “Breathing text” are interpreted bit by bit in a writing known as “the Egyptian Alphabet and Grammar” in which the interpretation turns out to be the same as the text of the English Book of Abraham. It looks like an open-and-shut case, but only if one is determined

to look no further. The demonstration was simply a matter of matching up the edges of two pieces of papyrus and of matching up certain symbols (whether one could read them or not made no difference whatever) with passages from the English Book of Abraham. That the latter cannot possibly be a translation of the symbols has been brilliantly apparent to everyone who has ever bothered to compare them—and they are already compared for our convenience in the "Alphabet and Grammar." No slightest knowledge of Egyptian is necessary to convince anybody that when a symbol as brief as CAT is "translated" by an involved paragraph of over one hundred words, we are not dealing with a "translation" in any accepted sense of the word. If it isn't a translation, what is it? Look closer we soon discover that the text of the Book of Abraham in the "Alphabet and Grammar" has simply been copied down without alteration or hesitation, making it perfectly clear that that translation was completed before it was ever set down beside the characters from the "Sen-sen" Papyrus, and that what we have before us in the "Alphabet and Grammar" does not represent an attempt at translation. We notice further that nothing in the "Alphabet and Grammar" is in the handwriting of Joseph Smith, and that strangely enough a number of different handwritings are involved—showing that something was going on which we do not understand today. We also learn that the "Alphabet and Grammar" was never given out as an official or inspired document, was never meant for publication, never placed before the Church for approval, never discussed for the record, never explained to the world as the facsimiles were. Did Joseph Smith really translate the Book of Abraham from those symbols? Of course not! Well then, what is wrong? What is wrong, according to one expert, is that he *thought* he was translating them. And how does the expert know that? Before going in for mind reading, it might be well to make a closer examination of the whole problem. Whenever scholars have a suspected ancient document to test, as Friedrich Blass says, the first thing to do is to examine the content of the document and see if it fits into the ancient setting to which it is ascribed. This is exactly what our experts have not done. The question that constantly comes to mind as one considers their determined assaults on the Pearl of Great Price is, *Why don't they ever pour their water on the fire?*

The Mormons are deeply concerned only with what they accept as scripture. Non-Mormons, raised in the tra-

dition of the Infallible Bible, are unable to conceive of a man's being a prophet and at the same time a fallible mortal; they persist in thinking as they did in 1912 that the discovery of any slightest flaw in Joseph Smith's character or his work must necessarily bring the whole structure of Mormonism down in ruins. It isn't that way at all: all men are subject to vanity, said Joseph Smith, and all must be allowed a generous margin of error to be themselves. But there are points on which no such freedom is allowed; there are writings that the Mormons accept as inspired scriptures, and these include the explanations to the facsimiles in the Book of Abraham. Why have not the Egyptologists concentrated on them? Naturally in 1968 priority went to the newly found papyri, which had never been translated and about which many people were understandably curious and impatient. But when it soon became apparent that those documents did not contain any of the text of the Book of Abraham as we have it, it was time for the Egyptologists, having done their work and done it well, either to bow out of the scene or to go on to the more important and essential problems of the facsimiles. All but one wisely chose the former course, recognizing that it was not their business as Egyptologists to pass judgment on matters of divine inspiration or revelation. The one exception did not hesitate to convert his doctoral gown into the starry robe of the clairvoyant and announce that Joseph Smith *thought* the papyri on hand contained the text of the Book of Abraham, which makes him both deceived and a deceiver. On this highly intuitive conclusion rests the whole case against Joseph Smith.

Still, 1968 saw definite progress over 1912. For one thing, more is known now about the original documents, which display a measure of originality and oddity that the scholars of 1912 categorically refused to recognize, and for which the Mormons cannot be held wholly responsible. It is now generally conceded, as was not the case in 1912, that Egyptian documents can sometimes bear a number of different interpretations at once, all being valid, and that one and the same document can be at one and the same time both highly stylized and highly personalized, conventional and yet unique, to suit a particular purpose or occasion. It is also generally believed now, as it was not in 1912, that there really was an Abraham. On such points the authorities of 1912 were convinced that the final word had been spoken. But they were wrong—the door is still wide open.

The Open Door: The decision of the scholars to avoid the facsimiles and their explanation was dictated by caution and experience. By choosing their own fires to fight, they remain masters of the situation. Any attack on the facsimiles, on the other hand, promptly turns into a stunning demonstration of the limitations of Egyptology. The fact is, as we shall soon see, that nothing is known about documents of this type, to say nothing of these particular documents, each of which is unique in a number of essential points. Still worse are the disturbing number of instances in which Joseph Smith's supposedly wild guesses happen to have anticipated the best knowledge of the Egyptologists. This is strikingly brought home in the case of Facsimile No. 2.

In the mid-1880s Professor Samuel Birch of Oxford gathered together every example he could locate of those round "hypocephalii" of which Facsimile No. 2 is a good example. His project called for the collaboration of all interested Egyptologists throughout the world in an attempt to come to some agreement as to what these peculiar objects represented. The Joseph Smith hypocephalus was not among those studied, and the work went forward happily uninhibited by any reference whatever to it or to the Prophet. So it came about that when certain eminent Egyptologists 28 years later found themselves confronted by Joseph Smith's interpretation of Facsimile No. 2 and were asked to give an opinion of it, they had their work already done for them. All any of them had to do was to point to the impressive study of 1884 and its well-publicized results, which were well known to all of them, and say, "Here, my friends, you have the answer. This is what a hypocephalus is really about!" How did it happen, then, that *none* of the experts of 1912 so much as mentioned Dr. Birch's model study and its enlightening results? Can it possibly be because the findings of 1884 were in surprising agreement on every main point with Joseph Smith's interpretation of his hypocephalus? We have yet to discuss Facsimile No. 2, and here we are getting ahead of the story; but also we may have here an explanation of why the experts do not choose to pour their water on the fire. It only burns more brightly when they do.

The last Egyptologist to leave the scene in 1968 banged the door resolutely behind him. But the catch did not hold; it was very weak. The conclusion that Joseph Smith was wrong because he thought that the "Sen-sen" Papyrus actually contained the full text of the Book of Abraham rests on

exceedingly indirect and dubious evidence. What the "Breathing Certificate" contains is one question, and it has been partially answered. What its contents have to do with the Book of Abraham is a very different question, which cannot be answered by a knowledge of Egyptian alone. The "Book of Breathing" has been studied for many years and by many scholars. To this day, the conclusions reached by de Horra, Brugsch, de Rougé, Chabas, and others about a century ago still hold: (1) though the "Sen-Sen" Book is easy to translate, nobody can even begin to understand it; (2) it presents truly astonishing affinities to certain passages and teachings of both the Old and New Testaments; (3) its ideas and expressions cannot be confined to any one period of Egyptian history; (4) it remains a complete enigma.

It is imperative, even if it is somewhat embarrassing, to keep in mind that the scholars of 1968 are quite as human as those of 1912. They still cannot speak of Joseph Smith but what their voices shake with emotion, and they still change the subject with awkward haste whenever he is mentioned. More important, they are still constitutionally incapable of conceiving even for a moment and by the wildest stretch of the imagination that he might be right. The history of education makes it clear at every step that all scholarship has a religious orientation—the atheism of Eduard Meyer was just as charged with religious emotion as were the oddly varied but powerfully conditioned opinions of Mercer, Sayce, or von Bissing. It is sheer nonsense to pretend that one's scholarly opinions rest on an intellectual plane aloof from any religious influences. A sincere attempt to maintain such an impossible posture would require at the very least that one leave all questions of revelation and inspiration strictly out of the discussion of Joseph Smith's writings, which calls for a degree of detachment that none of the critics, in 1912 or 1968, was ever able to achieve.

The Big Picture and the Little Picture: It is important to specialize. It is sound professional policy to deal with something that nobody else understands. But there are natural limits to specialization; inevitably one reaches the point at which the study of a single star cannot be pursued further until one has found out about a lot of other stars. The little picture starts expanding into a big picture, and we soon discover that without the big picture the little one cannot be understood at all. In the study of the ancient world the big picture, long ignored by scholars, has been coming into its own in recent years. For

generations students worked with meticulous care on their little specialized pictures in the confident hope that in the end each little piece would fit together with others to give a larger and clearer picture of the world and all that's in it. The idea worked: the separate studies did show a tendency to fit together and fall into patterns. Instead of gratifying the scholars, however, this alarmed most of them, fearful of the dissolution of sacred departmental bounds. Within the limits of his specialty the expert is lord and master; shall wonder if he treasures and defends those limits.

As we see it, the main issue all along between the Latter-day Saints and the learned has been that of "the Big Picture" versus "the Little Picture." The best chance of catching Joseph Smith or anybody else off base is to detect him in some slip visible only to the eagle eye of the specialist with a microscope. That is perfectly legitimate, of course, provided the specialist lets the rest of us look through his microscope and provided he himself knows just what he is seeing. On both scores the Egyptologists have been deficient. The rest of us don't know how to operate the microscope—we will have to take their word for what they see; and as to their understanding and interpretation of it, well, who are we to judge what we can't even see? Professor Breasted was able to dismiss the whole Book of Abraham with devastating finality by simply observing that the Egyptians were polytheists and the Jews monotheists; within a limited framework this is so, and no picture was large enough to hold both systems in 1912—but today it is a different story, and the sweeping declaration of Breasted gives a completely distorted image which, ironically enough, the Book of Abraham corrects. Again, the idea of Abraham sitting on Pharaoh's throne (*Facsimile No. 3*) caused the experts to roar with laughter in 1912—since when does Pharaoh, of all people, allow others to sit on his very own throne? Ever since prehistoric times is the answer now. Up until this very writing the present author had never thought to connect the Book of Abraham with a lengthy study published by him in the *Classic Journal* 25 years ago, in which he cited a dozen instances in which nonroyal individuals were permitted to sit on kingly thrones during the observance of certain rites common to many ancient civilizations, including that of Egypt. Today the principal emphasis in studies of Egyptian and Canaanitish religion is on those very rites, with special attention to the honored (and usually doomed)

guest on the king's throne. Here is a "Big Picture" of which no one dreamed in 1912.

How much Egyptology depends on the Big Picture, and how reluctant most Egyptologists are to recognize it, is strikingly illustrated in Professor de Buck's work on Egyptian dramatic texts. Of one such text he wrote, "... a large part of this interesting text is utterly unintelligible. The first complete lines tell a clear, coherent story, but after a few lines the drift of the narrative is completely lost." The meaningless text is quite intact, however—what is wrong? De Buck explains: "This text . . . belongs to a literary genre of which only a very few examples are known to us, viz., the so-called dramatic texts." With no master-plan to follow, the great de Buck can produce only such a translation as he describes as "in large part . . . little more than incoherent words and disjointed phrases."¹¹ Professor de Buck was able to spot this strange and puzzling text only because it fitted into a larger category of papyri first recognized by the learned and imaginative Sethe. It was also de Buck who while editing the Coffin Texts recognized Spell 312 as substantially the same writing as Chapter 78 of the Book of the Dead, both being derived from an older lost dramatic text of considerable importance. The foremost American authorities on the Book of the Dead have passed over Chapter 78 time and again without seeing anything more in it than Budge saw more than sixty years ago, and as far as they were concerned the melodrama of the Hawk to the Rescue might have gone undiscovered for centuries. For Egyptologists in general, as specialists' specialists, have always been suspicious of anything resembling a Big Picture, preferring the safe method of Professor Battiscombe Gunn, who insisted on treating every Egyptian text as a complete, self-contained, independent, isolated entity.

Of course there is something to be said for tending strictly to the day's assignment; one can overdo the Big Picture, as amateurs and cranks are liable to do. But the fact remains that the Great Egyptologists have all been those who were willing to venture farther than other men and risk the censure of their colleagues in a quest for wider vistas and associations. The safe conservative majority still prefer to explain the whole magnificent complex of Egyptian civilization as a fortuitous and haphazard accumulation of junk, and Egyptian religion as an amalgamation of cult objects thrown together from countless local shrines where their original primitive significance had

been forgotten long before the fusion. Even though the Egyptians were able to impose on the structure a wonderful consistency and uniformity of style while at the same time achieving a technical skill that fills us with awe, still, most Egyptologists insist on seeing in the whole stunning performance only a majestic facade with nothing behind it. Because of this attitude, according to Bleeker in his recent study of Egyptian festivals, Egyptologists "have not succeeded in presenting a satisfactory description of ancient religion. Evidently, they have not asked themselves what their approach to this religion ought to be. They have obviously studied this ancient religion from the viewpoint of a modern European"—or worse still, of the modern American scientist with the evolutionary chip on his shoulder.

Blindness to larger contexts is a constitutional defect of human thinking imposed by the painful necessity of being able to concentrate on only one thing at a time. We forget as we virtually concentrate on that one thing that hundreds of other things are going on at the same time and on every side of us, things that are just as important as the object of our study and that are all interconnected in ways that we cannot even guess. Sad to say, our picture of the world to the degree to which it has that neatness, precision, and finality so coveted by scholarship is a false one. I once studied with a famous professor who declared that he deliberately avoided the study of any literature east of Greece, lest the new vision destroy the architectonic perfection of his own celebrated construction of the Greek mind. His picture of that mind was immensely impressive but, I strongly suspect, completely misleading.

It is against the wider background of religious traditions and ceremonies common to most of the Ancient East that the facsimiles in the Book of Abraham begin to make real sense, and that Joseph Smith's explanation of them scores one bull's-eye after another. Interestingly enough, it was the jury of 1912 that insisted on forcing the Big Picture on the attention of the world. For there was just one thing on which they all agreed regarding the facsimiles, one thing alone on which none of them hesitated for a moment to speak with absolute certainty and finality: Whatever the facsimiles might be, or whatever they might mean, according to this verdict, they could not possibly have anything whatever to do with Abraham. By bringing Abraham into the picture so forcefully, they pushed out the walls to take in more territory than their specialties warranted. It was safe

enough for them to do that then, for they all considered the biblical Abraham to be a mere myth and some of them had written books and articles to prove it. But now that Abraham has become a real person, we are obliged to test the facsimiles in the light of the extensive archaeological and literary materials that are today bringing to life the man and the world in which he lived.

This takes us beyond the range of the Egyptologists and breaks their monopoly. They take comfort in the proposition that if Joseph Smith can be debunked in any one area, it makes no difference what evidence might seem to support his position in another. That argument is valid, however, only if the disclosures in the one area have been complete and exhaustive, which has been anything but the case. Here the experience of 1912 should teach us a lesson. Never were men more confident that enough was known by them on one point at least to prove Joseph Smith hopelessly and irredeemably wrong; satisfied with that, they considered the problem solved. Yet it was precisely on that one point, the possibility of ties between Abraham and the facsimiles, that their position was weakest, since, as it turned out later, they knew virtually nothing at all either about Abraham or the facsimiles. The same tendency to settle for premature conclusions was apparent in 1968. For example, when the experts offer a possible or plausible explanation of some figure in the facsimiles, e.g., a crocodile or a bird, they invariably put forward their explanation as the *one* possible answer, excluding all others. Egyptologists of all people should be the first to acknowledge that one possible explanation of a bird, while perfectly acceptable, by no means excludes from the Egyptian mind other equally valid explanations of the same object.

To avoid looking seriously into the countless possible explanations of this or that figure, the Egyptologist today can shrug his shoulders and declare with some impatience that "of course, anybody who is determined to do so can make out a case for Joseph Smith or anything else." Whether this is true or not (and we seriously doubt it), the man who makes such a statement has painted himself into a corner; for as long as one can make out a case, no matter how flimsy, for Joseph Smith, the case against him cannot be considered closed. The writer's own purpose in snooping around in the stacks has been simply to throw out suggestions and hint at possibilities. Not for a moment does he insist that any of his own explanation, e.g., of the figures



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in Facsimile No. 1, is correct. It is enough that an explanation is conceivable, enough to show that many possibilities remain to be considered, to keep the door open. Until far more work has been done, the idea of discrediting Joseph Smith on the strength of one completely demonstrated point must yield to the opposite reasoning: Whenever any evidence favors the Book of Abraham, conflicting evidence may be discounted until further investigation, since the chances of such agreement are much rarer than the almost unlimited possibilities of disagreement.

We frankly prefer the Big Picture to the single-shot solution, having found it to be far more foolproof than any little picture. Composed as it is of thousands of little images, the big one can easily dispense with large numbers of them without suffering substantially. It is a huge overall sort of thing, supported by great masses of evidence, but nonetheless presenting a clear and distinct image. No one can be sure of a little picture, on the other hand; at any moment some new discovery from some unexpected direction may wipe it out. Let us take a brief distant view of the Big Picture of Abraham that is just beginning to emerge from the fog. Here is a long-forgotten body of apocryphal stories about the Patriarch, the oldest and most important being of very recent publication—and neither this author nor any of his colleagues had ever heard of them before 1968! We read of desperate people seeking security in a world of drought and famine by rushing to the supplication of idols. We read of their sordidly materialistic civilization, their greed, meanness, and inhospitality. We read of their horrible sacrificial rites, of the offering up of their children to idols. We read of their great ceremonial assemblies at huge ritual complexes, of the royal victims offered, of princesses compelled to compromise their virtue or suffer death. We read of kings insecure on their thrones and determined to establish and retain a royal line, seeing their worst enemy and opponent in Abraham. We read of constant tension between matriarchal and patriarchal traditions; of a king who coveted priestly authority above all things and tried to buy it from Abraham; of hungry migrants driven from place to place and crisis to crisis; of rites and ordinances all directed to combating an all-pervading drought and assuring the fertility of the land and prestige of the king. We read of Egypt in Canaan and Canaan in Egypt, culturally, politically, and especially religiously. We read of a peculiar altar built for the sacrificing of Abraham, of how he prayed for deliverance and at the last

moment was rescued by an angel, who accomplished his mission by smiting the assembly with disastrous earthquake. We read of the strange humiliation and conversion of the king, and of Abraham's yet stranger refusal to let him share in his priestly functions. We read of kings and princes doing obeisance to Abraham, clad in royal insignia at the behest of the king, who shortly before had tried to put him to death. We also read of Isaac and Sarah going through much the same experience as did Abraham, placed upon the altar or the lion-couch, praying in a single voice with Abraham for deliverance, saved at the last moment by an angel.

The chorus of voices from the East is surprisingly joined by another from the West, a mass of classical lore all going back to Minoan and Mycenaean times. It depicts the same distracted world as that of the Abraham legends, the same desperate, famine-ridden people seeking stem the all-pervading drought and make the waters flow by the same great public ceremonies; it tells us of that strange breed of kings who tried to put their noble guests to a ritual death on cunningly devised altars in order to save their own lives and restore fertility to their afflicted lands; it tells us how the scheme failed when a noble, suffering, godlike, traveling stranger turned the tables and was miraculously delivered from the altar at the last moment, while the officiating priest of the king himself paid the sacrificial price. Fittingly, these old stories all point to Egypt as the scene and Busiris and Heracles as the actors in the primal version of this strange drama, Heracles being the standard substitute for any suffering hero whose real name was forgotten. Vital to the understanding of such traditions is the now recognized interplay of ritual and history in the ancient world, where great ritual events were major historic milestones and typical historical events were duly ritualized. This means that there can be no objection to the picturc of Abraham on the altar as an authentic stereotype; and indeed, the Book of Abraham beats us to the punch when it explains that Abraham was by no means the only noble victim to suffer ritual death on that peculiar lion-shaped altar. The legends that recall the same situation, therefore, offer powerful confirmation of the event.

Each of the vignettes that have just flashed by us—a very incomplete list indeed—has a double link, one with the historical and archaeological record indicating that there was something behind it, and the other with the Book of Abraham. What more do you want? Joseph Smith was certainly on

the track of something. The newer studies of Abraham are much concerned with his Asiatic background and with the mysterious kings of Genesis 14. Most mysterious of all is his archrival, the enigmatic Nimrod whom the legends identify with Pharaoh or the father of a Pharaoh and with an Asiatic upstart king who seized the throne of Egypt. There were a number of such kings, and the name of Nimrod is closely tied with certain Asiatic or Libyan dynasties that ruled in Egypt, the most illustrious of the line being that Shishaq I, who reintroduced human sacrifice in Egypt and had particularly close family and other ties with Israel. He was the son and the father of a Nimrod, and both names occur frequently. The only time the name of Abraham has ever turned up in an Egyptian document was when Breasted and others spotted it on a stele of Shishaq I, found in Palestine. The identity of the name has been questioned, of course, but never disproven. In the light of such things one can only ask whether it is pure accident that the name of Shishaq (or Sheshonq) occurs on Facsimile No. 2; if there was ever an Egyptian family in which one would expect the name of Abraham to be remembered, it would surely be that of the Sheshonqids. The presence of writings attributed to Abraham in the hands of the Sheshonq family is in itself by no means an unlikely situation, but of course absolutely nothing has been proven as yet. That is just the point: wherever we look the Big Picture stretches out, a huge, dim patchwork sprawl of history and legend awaiting the explorer of future generations. Far beyond our scope or grasp, it is enough at the present moment to show that it is *there*.

There are those who deplore the study of such things as "esoteric" and "exotic." By very definition the unknown is always exotic and the little-known is always esoteric; the terms are relative—to the departmental philosopher even Latin may be esoteric and Greek positively exotic. Now the office and calling of scholarship and science is to investigate the unknown, and people who engage in such work are not ashamed of admitting that it intrigues them—it is exciting and even romantic stuff; the motion is always away from the commonplace and familiar to the strange and wonderful. The established academician with his tried-and-tested platitudes and truisms is welcomed to his world of preaching and posturing, but the greatest appeal of the gospel, in every age has been that it is frankly wonderful—one glorious surprise after another.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the Book of Mormon and the Pearl of Great Price is the way they knocked the walls out of the narrow religious edifice of Western Man of the early nineteenth century. Without them Mormonism might well be charged, as it has been, with being nothing but a segment of a narrow isolated sub-section of Protestant Christianity. With them, it breaks into the Big Picture in the grand manner, for while one of these books takes us as far away in time and place as it is possible to get in human history, showing God's dealings as it were with men of another world, the other by choosing an Egyptian provenance cuts for us the largest possible slice of the religious experience of the race.

O ye of little knowledge!—The trouble with the little picture is that one can never be sure of it. It is outlined by the areas that surround it, and if one ignores them, the lapidary perfection of the small picture is little more than a glorified doodling. "The case at issue," writes the most helpful of the critics of 1968, is "what are the facsimiles?" And indeed, until we know exactly what the facsimiles are, it makes no difference what we may think Joseph Smith *thought* they were. The question can be answered at various levels, and any number of partial answers are possible. That is typical of Egyptian questions, as Professor Bleeker shows at length in his new book on the festivals. Here are some points he makes:

(1) An understanding of Egyptian religion can best be achieved through the study of the festivals, since these supply us with the abundance of documents we need. (P. 141.)

(2) These documents, however, are only pictures, for which no written explanations are available, aside from very brief labels, for "the Egyptian . . . felt no need to explain them. . . ." (P. 142.)

(3) Accordingly, in spite of our monumental compilations of pictures and texts, "extremely few facts are known about the festivals of even the well-known gods." (P. 33.) The Egyptologist must be reconciled to the fact that "there will always be gaps in his knowledge and that his insight will always prove inadequate. For the data with which he is working are scanty, uninformative, and sometimes extremely difficult to explain." (P. 1.)

(4) Hence the usual practice has been for the Egyptologist simply to describe what he sees and let it go at that: "There has yet to be written a critical analysis of the fragmentary data and a satisfactory interpretation of these ceremonies [including that

baffling business on the lion-couch, incidentally!]. . . . As a rule, the authors . . . are content with a factual description bereft of any thorough-going explanation." (P. 94.) Most Egyptologists, in fact, pride themselves on sticking to purely descriptive observations and avoiding the pitfalls of speculation.

(5) But that gets them nowhere: "It is meaningless to collect data," says Bleeker, without asking "what did the Egyptians believe?" (P. 141.) There is no escaping it: "One must learn to think as an Egyptian in order to understand his religion [p. 142]. . . . One must learn to think Egyptian" (p. 1). But this leaves us all in a dilemma: How does one go about learning to think Egyptian, and how does one know when one has succeeded? Living teachers we have none; we can only learn to think Egyptian by a thorough understanding of the Egyptian books, which of course cannot be understood until we first know how to think Egyptian. Alexander M. Stephen spent long years among the Hopis and in the end admitted that he had never been able to so much as peer under the blanket of Hopi religious thought. Even if an Egyptologist were to fly through time and live among the ancient Egyptians, we would still have no guarantee of his capacity to "think Egyptian." It is impertinent to claim mastery of a mode of thought when no control exists to confirm or refute our claims.

Now there are great bodies of Egyptian religious texts, like the Pyramid Texts and Coffin Texts, and there are also huge albums of pictures, like the Medinet Habu reliefs or the vignettes from the Book of the Dead, and there can be no doubt that some of these texts go together. But since they are not found together, we can only guess which goes with which. We cannot prove, for example, that the texts we cited to illustrate the lion-couch scene really belong to it; but neither can anyone prove the opposite in the present state of our knowledge.

So the Egyptologists in confining themselves to purely descriptive activities are doing the safe thing. But no science is content with mere description, and the more descriptive sciences have hit upon a way of making up for their deficiencies. It is showmanship—what would any learned profession be without it? The scholars of 1912 played a shrewd game when they conducted the public as it were into the awesome recesses of the Egyptian Museum and there, pointing with mute eloquence to a lot of things that looked something like the facsimiles, let the world draw its own conclusions, that these things in some mysterious way



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proved Joseph Smith a fraud. The main purpose of the expedition was to silence criticism; you must admit that the Egyptian Collection for sheer mass and charge is intimidating to a layman, an overpowering demonstration of the boundless accomplishments of science. The visitor is embarrassed by the riches that surround him and made crushingly aware of his own ignorance. And when a tall, dignified man bustles through the halls with a paper in his hand, he can only whisper with religious awe to whoever is with him. "There goes the Curator, the Man Who Knows!" And right here we have the crux of the matter, which is that the curator does not know. Let us refer again to the festival reliefs, the most numerous and impressive objects ever to come under the surveillance of a curator. Nothing is more familiar to the Egyptologist than these wonderful scenes of offering and presentation repeated over and over again hundreds of times. Yet Professor Bleeker assures us that no real explanation of them, ancient or modern, is available, that all we shall ever know about them is what we can guess by looking at the mute pictures themselves—"a lock without

a key." (Pp. 16-18, 104, 144.)

It would appear that the experts of 1912 did not know enough to suspect the limitations that crowded them on every side. Knowing nothing, they thought they knew everything, and in a way they did. For how can a man be charged with ignorance who knows all that is known, and hence all that there is to be known, on a subject? The rock upon which scholarship builds its house is that maxim dear to the heart of A. E. Housman: "Among the blind a one-eyed man is king!" The Egyptologist is in the enviable position of being able to say with stately simplicity, when confronted by a word or sentence he cannot read, "*It cannot be read,*" and retire from the scene with enhanced rather than damaged prestige.

As we pass through the hallowed halls of the museum, avidly reading the labels on everything, we begin to feel a vague sense of annoyance with the little tags and snippets of information that are being handed out to us. These prim little inscriptions rarely do more than describe what we can see for ourselves. As our feet become hotter and our enthusiasm cooler, we wonder if Bleeker was not right when

he said that it is meaningless merely to collect data and describe things. Even the evolutionary rule doesn't explain very much in Egypt: "It is doubtful," wrote Bleeker, "whether there is any point in inquiring into the development of ancient Egyptian thought, as Breasted in particular has done" (p. 8), the trouble with that being that one simply reconstructs the past according to one's preordained pattern. The tags and labels in the museum, like those hypnotic—nay, stupefying—captions to the pictures in nature and travel magazines, impart an air of intimate knowledge (few suspect how often they are totally inaccurate!), and seem designed to indicate with a few modest words the boundless treasures that repose under the lid. But don't be fooled; the reason they tell us so little is simply that they have no more to tell. "The great voids and flaws in the tenuous fabric of our knowledge," writes Paul Weiss, are "now covered by illusive verbal wrappings, which insinuate knowledge when there is none."

From the museum we turn to the "Sen-sen" Papyrus. What are we told about it? Again the familiar tags and

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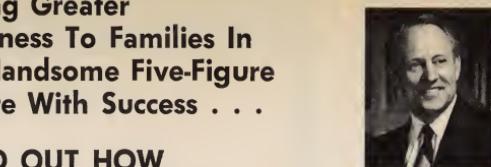
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stance that one can read a text readily and even glibly without having the vaguest idea of what it is about. The only chance of progress in such a state is, as de Buck points out, to seek the widest possible associations—a procedure of which most Egyptologists are deeply suspicious.

Unexplained Territory: It is only the last step that counts, as the French say, and so far nobody has taken it. The hopes for a quick decision with the finding of the Joseph Smith Papyri were blasted when it became apparent on the one hand that those documents do not contain the Book of Abraham, and on the other, that the connection between the so-called Egyptian Alphabet and Grammar and the Book of Abraham is anything but clear. The work has hardly begun, but people still seek the safe and easy solution of authority and ask with impatience, "Can't you spare us all that speculation and surmising and comparing and illustrating and simply give us the results?" The anti-Mormons have been only too glad to do just that, but we must never let them make us forget that proof is a process, not an answer, and that there is no such thing as total knowledge. A thing is proven when the individual is convinced, but no one can ever share just the thoughts and experiences that add up to proof in the mind of another. This writer cannot go very far along the road with the Egyptologists, to be sure, but he cannot escape the responsibility of going on his own just as far as he possibly can. The same obligation rests on every other person who would pass judgment on Joseph Smith. For centuries astronomers described the craters of the moon and the rings of Saturn, but their explanations of those phenomena were no better than the thoughtful guesses of anybody else. Today all that the experts can do with the facsimiles is to describe them; what they really say remains anybody's guess. Egyptologists would do well to heed the maxim of the most famous of Egyptian sages, the immortal Ptah-hotep: "Be not arrogant because of thy knowledge, and have no confidence in that thou art a learned man. Take counsel with the ignorant as with the wise, for the limits of art cannot be reached, and no artist fully posseseth his skill. . . ."⁴

Many Latter-day Saints have not been too happy with the Joseph Smith Papyri, which instead of giving them all the answers only set them to work on a lot of problems with which none of this generation is prepared to deal. But it was the Mormons who started this game, and it is their responsibility to keep it going. They can never again

leave the field without forfeiting the game. The opposition have been only too glad to call a halt at any time; they were in an unseemly hurry to blow the whistle in 1912, and that should have tipped the Mormons off. But the Mormons did not realize the strength of their own position and relapsed into silence, not from any fear of controversy (they do not have to issue daily bulletins from the rooftops, as their enemies have done), but out of preference for smoother and easier roads of knowledge.

In 1833 the School of the Prophets at Kirtland adopted a basic curriculum of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and for a time some of the brethren, following the example of the Prophet, seriously came to grips with those languages. The program was violently interrupted, but it was enough to serve notice that the Mormons intended to study the hard way and to take advantage of all the resources that are available for the study of the scriptures. God had told Oliver Cowdery in no uncertain terms that revelation follows study and may never be claimed as a substitute for it. (D&C 9:7-8.) The bringing forth of the papyrus fragments in 1967 was a reminder to the Saints that they are still expected to do their homework and may claim no special revelation or convenient handout solutions as long as they ignore the vast treasurehouse of materials that God has placed within their reach.

So far we have only taken a preliminary view of a few problems raised by Facsimile No. 1, and hardly even mentioned Facsimiles 2 and 3, which in their way are even more challenging and enlightening. We have dealt entirely in possibilities, never in certitudes, possibilities being all we need to keep the door open. "The method of critical discussion," says Karl Popper, "does not establish anything. Its verdict is always and invariably 'not proven.'" As long as a single aspect of any problem raised by the Book of Abraham remains unexamined, as long as there is the remotest possibility that any slight detail of any significance may have been overlooked, as long as a single possible relevant text remains unread, we must hold our final word in abeyance.

A few years ago a librarian in Salt Lake City revived the dormant issue of the facsimiles in the Book of Abraham by proclaiming with great force in a series of lectures that the one fatal mistake that Joseph Smith made in all his career of deception was to publish a commentary on Egyptian documents that would someday be an open book to science. The librarian had it backwards. It would be hard to find any



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document that Joseph Smith or anyone else could have selected, whose nature and purpose is more effectively locked up from the scrutiny of the learned. To the eye of the candid unbeliever the Prophet may be considered particularly lucky in having hit upon these singularly enigmatic objects as the subject of his discourses, and to have been thrice lucky in coming up with a history of Abraham that fits so nicely with the old Abraham legends and traditions about which he knew nothing. Whether it was luck or not, we cannot in all fairness deny him the advantage of our own very real ignorance by continuing to conceal it. It is on the absurd assumption of a whole and solid knowledge of the facsimiles and on that alone that the case against Joseph Smith rests at the moment.

Question Time: Ever since the services of professional Egyptologists were enlisted to contribute to the downfall of the Prophet, beginning in 1845, one stock question has been addressed to the Mormons with tireless persistence: "The scholars have spoken; why don't you do the honest thing and accept the verdict of the experts?" The answer should be clear by now: "Why don't you do the honest thing and find out how much the experts really know?" Both questions are perfectly legitimate. During the past hundred years the general public has known next to nothing about the moon, and yet when an intelligent and dedicated man who has spent his life gazing at the moon offers to tell us just how our satellite originated, the ignorant public hesitates to accept his opinion as binding or final. Why? How can we ignoramuses in all honesty question the learned specialist for a moment?

Well, for one thing, if we are honest we must admit that our knowledge is far too limited to permit us to judge of the man's competence—and that is exactly what he is asking us to do when he solicits our assent. Then too, we feel that our expert is going too far: we are willing enough to accept his purely descriptive statements about the size, specific gravity, motion, etc., of the moon, but when he presumes to tell us things bordering on ultimate origins, common sense admonishes caution. Science, as we are often told today in the scientific journals, only describes things—it does not explain them; an observation is not in itself an explanation. And so while we applaud the skill of the scholar who translates an Egyptian text, we draw the line when that same scholar almost overnight becomes an expert on Mormonism and the mind of Joseph Smith and hands down his ultimate

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decisions on Last Things purely by virtue of his command of a very limited, dubious, and tentative stock of rules of Egyptian grammar.

Also, while we must admit that an astronomer's ideas about lunar origins and an Egyptologist's idea about the facsimiles may be learned and plausible enough, the fact remains that the vital information necessary to prove their theories one way or another is simply not available—a limitation attested by the inability of the best astronomers and Egyptologists to agree on such matters. Gardiner recommended that Egyptologists set up their theories and their translations as targets to shoot at and then do their best to falsify them. That is the one fruitful scientific method, but where the Book of Abraham is concerned, the Egyptologists, though confronted by the most baffling examples of what their most speculative of sciences has to deal with, have chosen to declare their opinions sacrosanct and beyond question or discussion, even though the documents at hand go far beyond the domain of their competence in every direction. They have done a nice preliminary tidying-up job in one corner of the field—the sort of thing they are good at—and for that they have our sincere thanks. But they have not touched upon the main problems, except for a few purely personal and emotional outbursts; and as for really getting into the substance of the Book of Abraham, it would be as unfair to expect them to do that as it would be to credit them with having done it.

Who, then, is to decide these weighty matters? That is just the point: Is it necessary to decide here and now? The Mormons have always hesitated and asked for time, waiting (though rarely seeking) for further light and knowledge. Significantly, it has always been the Egyptologists, usually the very soul of caution, who have insisted on a once-for-all, here-and-now, before-we-leave-the-room decision and have been desperately determined not to prolong the discussion. That is still their policy, and it forces us to return upon their own heads the routine question that the world would confound and demolish us: You scholars have spoken; why don't you do the honest thing and admit that you don't know the blessed thing about the facsimiles, that you haven't made even a superficial study of them either to examine the categories to which they belong or the peculiarities of the individual documents? Why not admit that the relationship between the "Alphabet and Grammar" and the Book of Abraham is an enigma, full of odd contradictions and unexplained anomalies? Why not admit that you



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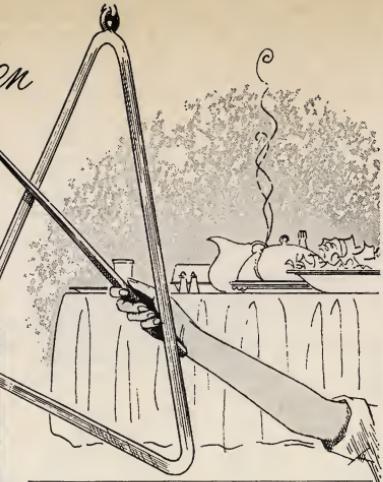
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are not privy to the mind of Joseph Smith? That the test of the Book of Abraham lies in what it says, not in the manner in which it may have been composed, and that a thorough test of its contents would require a scope of research that no scholar today has any intention of undertaking, a scope of knowledge that few if any scholars today possess? Why not recognize that there is a vast amount of literary material that presents remarkable parallels to the matter in the Book of Abraham, and that no scholar has made the slightest effort to look into the problems that these correspondences raise? Why not admit that the figure of Abraham is shrouded in mystery and that the search for the real Abraham has just begun? Why not admit, in Gardner's words, that "what is proudly advertised as Egyptian history is merely a collection of rags and tatters," and, if one admits so much, that it is far too early in the game to convert those few rags and tatters into robes of academic omniscience?

Until now, no one has done much more than play around with the bedizening treasury of the Pearl of Great Price. "They" would not, we could not make of the Book of Abraham an object of serious study. The time has come to change all that. The book that concerns us was purposely called "The Pearl of Great Price," that term being both in scripture and apocrypha the designation of a treasure that is both hidden and inexhaustible. Being hidden, it must be searched out and dug up—brought out of the depths by the strenuous and determined efforts of whoever would possess it. Being inexhaustibly vast, it can never cease to be a source of new wonders to the inquiring mind. In the past this treasure has been treated more or less like a convenient bit of pocket money, a ready fund of occasional texts to be dipped into for self-serving commentaries. That is not the purpose of the scriptures, which is, to tell us what we do not know and often do not want to know. The Pearl of Great Price is unique among scriptures in that its message is available only to that extent to which God's children choose to make it so, but at the same time it is capable of conveying knowledge of undreamed of scope and significance. ○

(Conclusion)

FOOTNOTES

¹ In H. Frankfort, *The Cenotaph of Seti I at Aydubis* (39th Memoir, Egypt Exploration Soc., 1933), Vol. 1, p. 82.

² C. J. Bleeker, *Egyptian Festivals* (Leiden: Brill, 1967; Suppl. to *Numeron* XII), p. 1. See also W. W. Westcott, *Living Nature and the Knowledge Gap*, in *Saturday Review*, Nov. 29, 1969, p. 21.

⁴ A. Erman, *The Ancient Egyptians* (Harper Torchbooks, 1966), p. 56.

Life Among the Mormons

Some years ago my uncle was asked to give a retold story in MIA. When the evening arrived, he was still unprepared, but he began leafing through a copy of *The Improvement Era* and decided to use a story found there. He had the ability to glance at a few lines, then look at the audience and repeat the lines. The story was suspenseful and the audience found it enthralling, never suspecting that he had not previously read it. However, just at a moment of suspense, he turned the page, then became pale. The audience seemed to lean forward as one, straining to hear the rest of the story. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, finally breaking the silence. "It's continued!"

—Helen E. Hymas, Montpelier, Idaho

"This is the first time I've been asked to talk in this ward, and I'm pretty nervous," the sacrament meeting speaker began. "I've been asked to give the opening and closing prayers several times, but that's not so frightening. You can just close your eyes!"

—Sheryl White, Duchesne, Utah

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To honor his mother with the highest of all honor, a man must realize his greatest usefulness in life, must render the most worthy service of which he is capable, must cherish truth, love virtue, esteem character, and must uphold, on all occasions the highest ideals and principles of which he has any knowledge.

—Elder Richard L. Evans

"You look tired." "I am. I've been all over town trying to get something for my husband." "Had any offers?"

Good breeding consists in concealing how much we think of ourselves and how little we think of the other person.

—Mark Twain

"Tell me," the social chairman of the ladies' group asked the speaker, "do you believe in clubs for women?" "Only," he responded, "if kindness fails."

The mother's image is the first to impress itself on the unwritten page of the young child's mind. It is her caress that first awakens a sense of security; her kiss the first realization of affection; her sympathy and tenderness, the first assurance that there is love in the world.

—President David O. McKay

The dignified old lady was among a group looking at an art exhibit in a new gallery devoted to contemporary painting. When one picture caught her eye, she inquired, "What on earth is that?" The gallery attendant smiled condescendingly, "That, my dear lady, is supposed to be a mother and child."

"Well, then," snapped the lady, "why isn't it?"

—Farmer's Almanac

Most of us are too fond of people who agree with us, and of food that does not.

Eyes of Experience

By Marlys Bradley

*No one sings so sad
As the girl with love
Sheltered in her memory.
No one dances quite as light
As the girl whose love is new.
No one watches quite as close
As the mother who has been with both.*



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